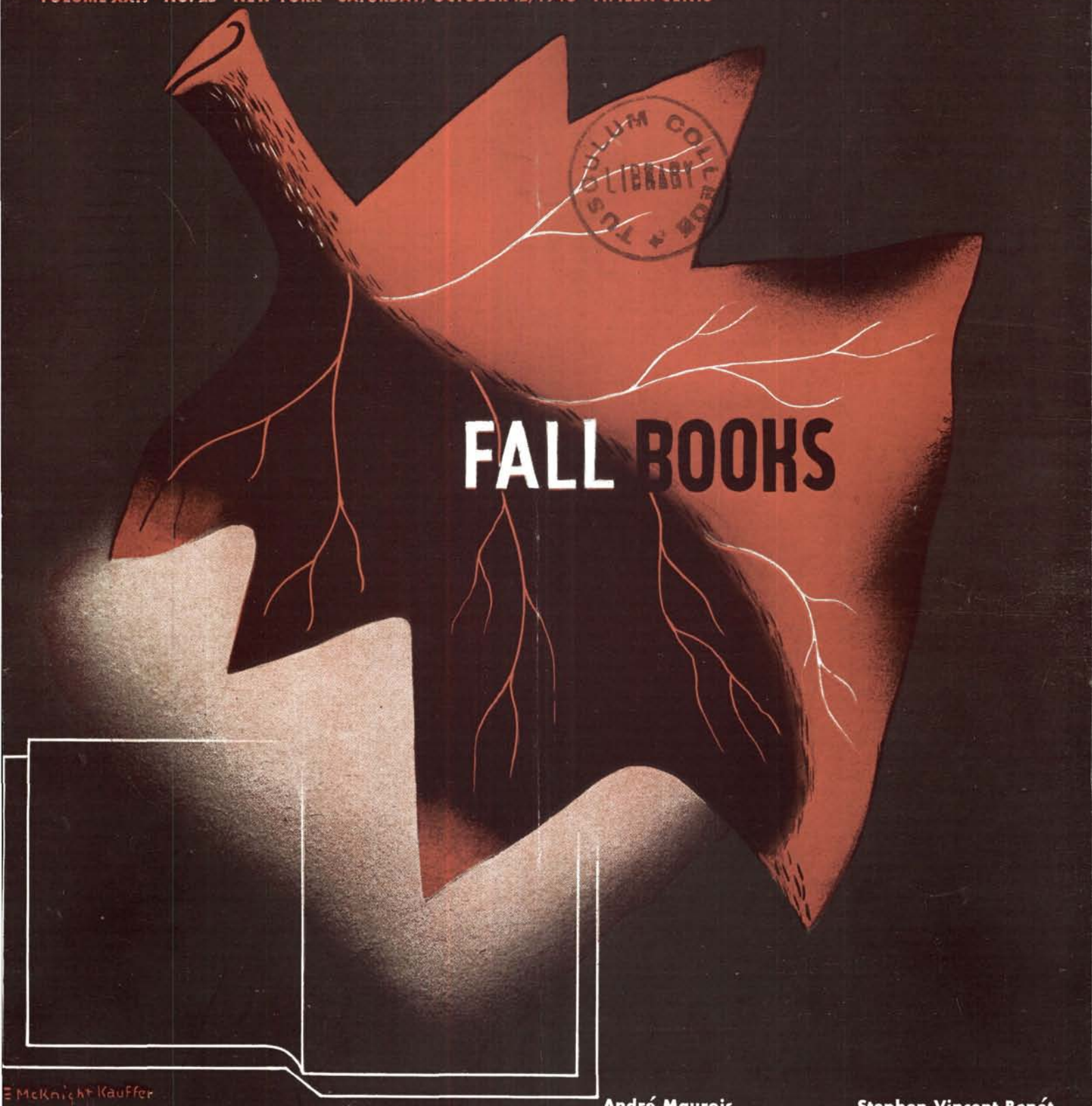
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXII NO. 25 NEW YORK SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1940 FIFTEEN CENTS



André Maurois

Stephen Vincent Benét

John C. Chamberlain

William Henry Chamberlin

Oswald Garrison Villard

Henry Seidel Canby

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Great Fall List

Here is a condensed listing of Macmillan titles already published this season . . . a few selected under each classification to indicate the tremendous range and scope of our Fall schedule. A complete descriptive catalogue is yours for the asking.

FICTION

LET THE EARTH SPEAK
by Ann Steward.....$2.50

SO PERISH THE ROSES
by Neil Bell.....$2.50

BASILISSA
by John Masefield.....$2.50

DUTCH VET
by Anton Roothaert.....$2.50

THIRTY ACRES
by Ringuet.....$2.50

AMERICAN SCENE

PATTERN OF POLITICS
by J. T. Salter.....$2.25

GOLDEN MIRAGES
by Philip A. Bailey.....$3.00

REFERENCE

CAMBRIDGE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
(4 volumes).....$35.00

CHAMBERS TECH. DICTIONARY
Tweney & Hughes.....$5.00

POETRY

THE COCK OF HEAVEN
by Elder Olson.....$2.00

NEW ZEALAND POEMS
by Eileen Duggan.....$1.25

LAST POEMS AND PLAYS
by William Butler Yeats.....$1.75

IN WHAT HOUR
by Kenneth Rexroth.....$1.75

BIOGRAPHY

TRELAWNY
by Margaret Armstrong.....$3.00

I SPEAK FOR MYSELF
by Edwin Francis Edgett.....$3.00

THE BRIDGE
by Ernest Poole.....$3.50

SO FALLS THE ELM TREE
by John Louis Bonn.....$2.50

TRAVEL

HURRICANE'S WAKE
by Ray Kauffman.....$3.00

AND SO TO BATH
by Cecil Roberts.....$3.00

WINGS OVER THE AMERICAS
by Alice Rogers Hager.....$2.50

HISTORY

THE MONGOL EMPIRE
by Michael Prawdin.....$5.00

WORLD FINANCE, 1939-40
by Paul Einzig.....$2.75

SCIENCE

LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS
by H. Spencer Jones.....$3.00

HOAXES
by Curtis D. MacDougall.....$3.50

IMPERIAL EDITIONS

THE GOLDEN BOUGH (1 vol.)
by Sir James G. Frazer.....$1.49

at your local bookdealer

The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

What's Wrong with Authors!

BENNETT A. CERF

This is the first of a series of two reveries on authors and publishers. Mr. Cerf, of Random House, who speaks for the publishers, will be followed next week by Burton Rascoe, literary critic and author himself, with "What's Wrong with Publishers!" Mr. Rascoe wrote his article without having seen Mr. Cerf's noble tribute, so that it is not necessarily a rebuttal. The editors, having innocently instigated this polite forum, hereby relieve themselves of any responsibility for what may happen from this point on.

THERE is practically nothing wrong with authors that a good slump in Hollywood will not cure. Until a sweeping readjustment takes place in values in the motion picture world, writers will not be interested enough in either books or book publishers to regard them as much more than little way-stations on the royal road to Beverly Hills. Publishers as well as authors have made a lot of money out of motion picture rights, and I don't want to appear to be crying sour grapes just because an industry that does a gross business about a hundred times bigger than ours needs the same raw material that we do, and can afford to pay so much more for it.

But how can a sane sense of proportion be preserved when a lot of worn out old hacks who haven't written an honest word or thought an honest thought for ten years can still draw a couple of thousand dollars a week turning out scenarios, and newcomers whose first novels are still wet from the presses are offered contracts that make their total earnings from their book rights look like a lunch check at the Automat? Today the studios don't even wait for a book to be published before they are on the trail for its author, if he shows sufficient promise. One of our most recent discoveries sent the typewritten manuscript of his book to the Coast a few weeks ago—and sold it. All that the book will have to do to earn as much for him as he received from Hollywood is to sell about seventy-five thousand copies. The thing that an author wants most from his publisher these days is a letter of introduction to Darryl Zanuck. Until Hollywood ceases to hold such an irresistible allure for every man who can write a book it will be hard for a publisher to tell what is wrong with any one particular author because he doesn't see him long enough!

When I first entered the publishing business, it was my childish belief that publishers and authors were one happy family together, living as one in a beautiful world of literature and dreams, but that illusion was shattered at the very outset by my employer (and friend) the day that I went to work for him. "The first thing that you will have to remember in this business," he told me, "is that authors must be treated differently from all other human beings. The fact is, you see, that they are all slightly batty!" and when I began to protest, he buzzed for his secretary, and added wearily, "I'll show you what I mean. Ida, show in Mr. ....." There shambled into the room one of the literary giants of the day, and the three of us (myself in a daze of excitement and delight) went to the Ritz for lunch, where the literary giant proceeded to throw a cup of coffee in my employer's face!

THIS spectacular introduction to the strange relationship that sometimes exists between authors and their publishers, however, in no wise dimmed my deep respect for authors as a whole. I like them. I enjoy knowing them and working with them. And in my fifteen years in publishing, I am proud to say that my house has never lost an author that it really wanted to keep. With that preamble, I am going to list my specific grievances against authors in numerical order:

1. Authors demand unreasonable advances for their work today. Time was when an advance consisted of a reasonable sum that was intended to help finance a poor author while he finished a book for which he had contracted. In no instance was the advance more than a fair percentage of what the book could reasonably be expected to earn in its first year of publication. Gradually, however, the amounts of these advances began to grow, and instead of

SRL sketch by Renato

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

going to authors who were so poor that they needed this assistance, became a part and parcel of every contract written. In some cases, an author (or his agent) who is a shrewd bargainer, exacts so great a sum for signing a contract that everybody knows very well it will never be earned. The very term "advance" thus becomes a misnomer; it is, in effect, a bonus. The author, having received ahead of time all, or nearly all, the money that he is ever going to earn from a book, is likely as not to have spent every penny of it long before he has even finished writing it. The publisher, in turn, has assumed the role of the first National Bank. I have examined the balance sheets of the only two publishing houses of national repute that became enmeshed in financial difficulties in the past five years. The troubles of both of them could be traced directly to their Unearned Advance Accounts. A whole list of authors who had drawn large advance royalties never delivered a line to their publishers, and in one or two instances I am convinced that they never intended to. One important lady writer who is famous for her championship of the poor and oppressed boasts openly that she has accepted advances from at least four publishers, who have been trying to wheedle a manuscript from her ever since. She thinks that that is excruciatingly funny.

Most authors, of course, honestly expect to earn at least the amount of the advances they draw, and many of them even insist on paying back any deficits that may exist when the accounts are finally closed. I do think, however, that authors would be helping themselves, as well as their publishers, if they resisted the perfectly natural impulse to collect just as large an advance as possible, and confined their demands to sums that they really needed while completing their manuscripts. After all, every cent of royalty that they earn would come to them in due course. And they might reflect further that a publisher conceivably would be willing to gamble more freely on advertising and exploitation appropriations if he had not already invested too much in a project in the way of advance.

2. Many authors feel that they know the publishing business infinitely better than the men whom they voluntarily have chosen to be their publishers. A young Western fruit grower, let us say, has his first book accepted for publication. Overnight, miraculously, he becomes an expert on typography, an authority on sales campaigns and national distribution, and above all, an infallible expert in the preparation of advertising copy and choice of media for it. This great transformation

THIS WEEK

Cover design by E. McKnight Kauffer

Articles

	PAGE
WHAT'S WRONG WITH AUTHORS, by Bennett Cerf	3
PREDESTINATION TO DEFEAT, by William Henry Chamberlin. *An Essay Review of "Tragedy in France," by André Maurois.*	5
THE MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR, by William James	8

Reviews

BOOK	AUTHOR	REVIEWER	
OUR FUTURE IN ASIA	Robert Aura Smith	*T. A. Bisson*	6
AUDUBON'S AMERICA	Ed. by Donald Culross Peattie	*Henry Seidel Canby*	7
FATHER AND SON	James T. Farrell	*Stephen Vincent Benét*	9
LETTER FROM ENGLAND	Mollie Panter-Downes	*André Maurois*	10
VOICE FROM ENGLAND	Robert Westerby	*Richard Aldington*	10
THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM	Louis M. Hacker	*John Chamberlain*	11
LETTER OF CREDIT	Jerome Weidman	*Linton Wells*	14
THE GREAT CIRCLE	Carleton Beals	*Linton Wells*	14
COSTALS AND HIPPOGRIFF	Henry de Montherlant	*Ben Ray Redman*	15
COUNT TEN	Hans Otto Storm	*N. L. Rothman*	15
DAGO RED	John Fante	*Basil Davenport*	18
DUSK OF DAWN	W. E. Burghardt DuBois	*Oswald Garrison Villard*	26
AN IRISH JOURNEY	Seán O'Faoláin	*Ernest Boyd*	32
COME BACK TO ERIN	Seán O'Faoláin	*Ernest Boyd*	32
THE PATTERN OF POLITICS	J. T. Salter	*T. V. Smith*	38
ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS	Nicholas Murray Butler	*John Erskine*	39
NORTH AMERICA	J. Russell Smith and M. Ogden Phillips	*M. E. Tracy*	40
"HOSS" DOCTOR	R. J. Dinsmore	*Phil Stong*	42
HORSES I HAVE KNOWN	Will James	*Phil Stong*	42
THE MORAL BASIS OF DEMOCRACY	Eleanor Roosevelt	*Jacques Barzun*	43
WEEP AND PREPARE	Raymond E. F. Larsson	*Louis Untermeyer*	43

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q., by Howard Collins	6
EDITORIAL	12
POEM: CITATION FOR A BED, by Elizabeth K. Phelps Stokes	12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	13
WRITERS IN SEASON: A PAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS, by Robert Disraeli	19
AUTHOR! AUTHOR!, by Eugene Armfield	29
A READER'S ALMANAC, by Alice Hackett	34
THE CRIMINAL RECORD	38
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 342, by Elizabeth S. Kingsley	45
TRADE WINDS, by P. E. G. Quercus	46

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President; Heinz Norden, Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXII, No. 25, October 12, 1940. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

is sometimes very baffling to the people who are paid by a publishing firm for performing these specific functions, but authors are sensitive plants and must be coddled, and a whole selling campaign for a book has been hopelessly ruined because an author has insisted on butting into the part of the business that is not his province.

If authors would familiarize themselves with the fundamental mechanics of the publishing business, they would save themselves and their publishers many needless controversies and heartaches. I can quite understand an author's anxiety to see finished books, not only in his hands, but on sale to the public just as soon as possible after he has turned in the final manuscript, but there are inevitable delays that no publisher in the world can avoid. In the first place, the format of the book must be devised and the proper jacket design selected. Then the book must be manufactured, a process which, in the normal course of events, requires four to five weeks. Then the book must be sold from one end of the country to the other. There are many sections of the country where publishers' salesmen can visit their accounts only three or four times a year. They should be able to show the booksellers finished copies of the books that they are selling; the former procedure of selling from simple catalogue descriptions or dummies containing only the first few pages of the book has proved completely unsatisfactory for all parties concerned. In other words, if a publisher is to sell a book properly in advance, he should have finished copies, if possible, twelve weeks before publication and, at the very least, six weeks before publication. Reviewers too should get their

(*Continued on page* 30)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Predestination to Defeat

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE fall of France, the swiftest and most overwhelming defeat ever experienced by a great nation, aroused throughout the world a stupefied mixture of incredulous amazement, of sympathy, and of indignation. When the Germans entered Vienna and Prague and Warsaw the action still seemed far away not only to most Americans but to many people in France and in England as well.

But none could miss the significance of the swastika flag flying over the Arc de Triomphe. The eclipse of liberal civilization in Europe had reached its climactic point. The whole continent was henceforward under the direct or indirect sway of the three revolutionary totalitarian dictators, Hitler, Stalin, or Mussolini.

As one who personally experienced the collapse of France and made the familiar refugee trek from Paris to Tours to Bordeaux and finally to the Spanish frontier, I know how difficult it is to describe with any order and accuracy the events of those last tumultuous weeks of military defeat and administrative break-up and national despair. All normal news contacts were disrupted; the peripatetic French Government had lost contact in many cases even with foreign Ambassadors; the most famous Paris newspapers had shrunk to tiny sheets, published irregularly and on the run from one provincial town to another and mainly filled with official communiqués. Censorship was about the only institution which functioned normally, or perhaps more than normally, throughout the collapse.

Under these circumstances it was inevitable that the background of many events should be a subject of contradictory rumors. Historians for decades will probably be asking why the French rear was so denuded of troops, in spite of the drastic mobilization of the nation's manpower, and why no French leader of national prominence consented to go abroad and carry on the struggle.

André Maurois has probably given as vivid, accurate, and satisfying explanation of the broad outlines of the French debacle as has yet appeared.* He brings to a work that was written under the most harassing circumstances (he and his wife are both refugees from France and escaped by different routes to America) his familiar literary qualities of smoothness, clarity, and wit. Appointed a liaison officer between the French and British armies at the beginning of the war, M. Maurois is especially well qualified to describe the diplomatic and military relations between France and Great Britain, and to apportion the responsibility for the defeat as it was shared between the two allies.

M. Maurois is correct, I think, in believing that the war was lost for France not from the day of the German breakthrough at Sedan but from the moment when hostilities began. As he writes:

> It was lost because we did not have enough airplanes or enough tanks or enough anti-aircraft guns and because we did not have enough factories to build what we lacked. It was lost because our Ally had only a tiny army and did not possess the means of expansion which would have permitted him to take quick advantage of his immense reserves of men and riches.

There were diplomatic and moral as well as military reasons for France's predestination to defeat. During the years which immediately preceded the war France and England behaved like countries which were almost bent on suicide. They could not decide to follow either of the two clear-cut policies which would have offered some prospect of success: uncompromising resistance to Hitler or acquiescence in German domination of Eastern Europe. They were weak when they should have been firm and foolhardy when they should have been cautious. They "appeased" at the wrong time and they defied at the wrong time.

As a result they entered the war under the most unfavorable possible conditions. After all, it had taken six great powers and several minor ones to bring down Germany in the first World War. Of these powers Russia was malevolently neutral, and the same could be said of Japan. Italy was to shift from a non-belligerent to a belligerent ally of Germany. And the United States could be counted on only for economic aid.

In the matter of internal morale, also, the French position was very unfavorable, compared with what it had been in 1914. As M. Maurois points out, France was much more deeply divided in 1939 than in 1914. Communism and fascism had driven a deep rift into French society. And some of the rivalries and hatreds in high places were demoralizing, although M. Maurois wisely refrains from laying the blame for the French catastrophe on individual scapegoats. Some wit remarked that the Generalissimo, General Gamelin, and the commander of the French armies in the field, General Georges, were so busy fighting each other that they had no time to fight the Germans. And Reynaud once bitterly remarked to M. Maurois that Daladier was more anxious to defeat him (Reynaud) than to defeat the Germans.

The shadow of defeat hung over France from the beginning; but the author offers a number of penetrating criticisms of mistakes of military and industrial strategy that made this defeat more overwhelming and irremediable than it might otherwise have been. During the respite from September until May too much time was spent on entertaining the troops and too little in training them for war. There was too much confidence in fortified lines and a consequent neglect of the defense of towns in the rear, which were simply overrun by small German mechanized units when the line had been pierced.

The industrial mobilization was stupidly managed, with the result that many skilled workers were drafted into rear garrisons when they would have been far more useful turning out shells and airplane parts. France's military and economic leaders (and this was true of England also, until Churchill came into power) proceeded

SRL etching of André Maurois by Theodore Brenson.

*TRAGEDY IN FRANCE. By André Maurois. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 255 pp. $2.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the sadly mistaken assumption that they had all the time in the world with which to win the war. Instead of supplementing the defects of France's war industries, so inferior to the German in mass production possibilities, with maximum purchases in America, the allied purchasing commissions haggled over terms, spaced out orders in a leisurely way, and generally acted on a "business as usual" basis, instead of recognizing the desperate nature of the emergency.

M. Maurois has provided a splendid piece of objective historical analysis, free from partisan bitterness and exaggeration. But his book is more than analysis; it is made vivid by the note of personal experience and anecdote. I have seen few more moving tragedies of the war than the author's account of the suicide of his personal friend, the great surgeon, Thierry de Martel, who declared that he would not survive the German entrance into Paris. In England at the time of the final French defeat, the author recalls an evening with English friends, "the first for a long time during which I was able to rise above the terrible events of our time and talk of eternal things. It was a discussion such as must have been held sometimes, in the Gallo-Roman villages under the heel of the invaders, by the readers of Virgil and Horace."

Will the time come when perhaps throughout the world liberal civilization will be only a broken memory, like Roman civilization after the barbarian invasions? There is no mistaking the urgency of this question. On his way to America, which may perhaps be the Byzantium that will carry on at least the reflection of the vanished European culture, M. Maurois set down a few general ideas, inspired by the memory of France's disaster, which certainly have an application for the United States. Here are some of them:

REMEDIES: *To be strong.* A nation that is not ready to die for its liberties will lose them.

To act quickly. Ten thousand airplanes built in time are better than fifty thousand after the battle.

To direct opinion. A leader shows the way; he does not follow.

To preserve a united country. Political parties are passengers aboard the same ship. If they wreck it, all will perish.

To believe passionately in the ideas and in the way of life for which you are fighting. It is faith that creates armies and even arms. Liberty deserves to be served with more passion than tyranny.

William Henry Chamberlin has just returned to the United States from France, where he was foreign correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor.

Future with a Battlefield

OUR FUTURE IN ASIA. By Robert Aura Smith. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 306 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

SOME years ago it was the fashion to decry the existence of an American stake in the Far East. Withdrawal was the order of the day. The Philippine Independence Act was supposed to represent the swan song of American imperialism in Asia. But today the United States is rediscovering its lost stake. Symptomatic of the rediscovery is this provocative volume by Robert Aura Smith, staff correspondent of the *New York Times.*

He centers attention not so much on China as on the rich colonial areas of Southeast Asia, to which he devotes the first nine of his fourteen chapters. Manila, Surabaya, Batavia and Singapore are the names to be conjured with, rather than Shanghai or Tientsin. American trade, investment, and strategic necessities in the Far East find their real setting, under this interpretation, in the Philippines, Malaya, the East Indies, and Indo-China. During the past ten years, he observes, "the seven major imports of the United States were, in order: rubber, sugar, coffee, paper and pulp, vegetable oil, raw silk, and tin. Of these only paper and pulp, which we import from Canada, and raw silk, which we import from Japan, are not tropical in origin. The other five are major export products of the South China Sea area."

The most illuminating chapters of the book are devoted to the Philippines, where Mr. Smith was for many years an editor of the *Manila Daily Bulletin.* He believes that defense of the Islands "requires an economic and political stability that can resist penetration," which, in turn, demands maintenance of Philippine ties with the American market. In the political field, this means that some form of "dominion status" for the Philippines, involving retention of partial American control along with the maximum of local autonomy, must be achieved. The immediate problem, as he sees it, is to find a "formula" that will provide for the application of this middle-of-the-road solution, undercut the die-hard independence advocates on both sides, and thus prevent ultimate Japanese domination of the Islands.

He does not believe that the American position in the Far East can be maintained without risks or without cost. His concluding sentences read:

"We still have our frontier in southeastern Asia. We can defend it if we will. But not all frontiers are peaceful.

"The South China Sea is the battleground for our future in Asia."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

HAIR IN LITERATURE

Many characters in story and legend are noted for their unusual hair. Can you name the ten that are described in this list? Allow 10 points for the name of the character, or 5 if you can recall only the story in which each appeared. A score of 75 is par, 85 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 43.

1. Because his hair was exactly the right shade of red, he was given a job copying the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

2. Because she desecrated the temple of Athene by meeting her boy friend there, this beautiful maiden's hair was turned into snakes.

3. She sold her beautiful hair in order to buy her husband a watch chain for a Christmas present.

4. Her beautiful blonde hair was cut completely off while she was asleep, but was replaced with a wig of spun gold.

5. While she was engaged in drinking coffee at a card party, one of her two curly locks was scissored by an admirer.

6. Because this soldier got his hair cut only once a year, it was so long that he was trapped by the enemy when it became entangled in a tree.

7. Dressed only in rippled ringlets that came to her knees, this lady rode through the streets of Coventry at high noon.

8. The power of this strong man lay in the fact that he had never had a haircut.

9. Long imprisonment in a Swiss castle dungeon made him prematurely gray.

10. From her chamber in the top of the castle, she let down her long golden tresses for her brother-in-law to caress.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Biography of American Nature

AUDUBON'S AMERICA. Edited by Donald Culross Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 328 *pp., with index.* $6.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS book is as welcome as it is beautiful. Years ago, the "Ornithological Biography" of Audubon, in several volumes, was to be found in many libraries, but it is a rare series now. As a result, the memory of Audubon as a writer of narrative had dimmed, almost in proportion to the rise of his reputation as an artist and designer. No more useful contribution to Americana, and to the American literature of travel and natural history, could have been made than this selection from Audubon's occasional writings and from his journals. Furthermore, the book is illustrated by well chosen reproductions of his most interesting paintings of birds and of animals, and is accompanied by a sound biographical sketch by the editor, and introductions which set each of the narratives in its proper historical and scientific frame.

As a life-long reader of Audubon, I find most interesting the selections from such of his journals as escaped destruction by his descendants. Apparently his heirs were ashamed of the spelling, grammar, and indicated accent of their French ancestor. But the quaint English of these journals of, for example, his journey down the Mississippi in 1820, in search of portrait-painting to save himself and family from destitution, makes their poignant record of enthusiasm and despair all the more effective. He saw the great river in its flat-boat days, he saw the degeneracy and rascality of the frontier, he saw the Louisiana planter in his golden time, he saw the incredible wild life of an America still prolific in game, at the moment when the great slaughter was just getting under way.

Easier to read, and highly important for the knowledge of the background of our country, are his essays written for publication. Here is the classic account of the wild turkey when it was as common as the blue jay. Here are delightful sketches of bear and raccoon and cougar and deer hunting. Here are invaluable descriptions of Louisville as a frontier town, of Kentucky sports in frontier days, of New Orleans when it was half Creole half American go-getter, and of the Missouri and the Dakotas when they were still primitive.

But best reading of all are his character sketches of frontier types. These are amiable in style, a little humorous, and always picturesque, in the manner of the times. Yet under the surface of that glamour which everything associated with the wild had for this great nature lover, the stark facts of frontier living are honestly depicted. Read for the courage and kindness of the frontier "The Squatters of the Mississippi" or "Hospitality in the Woods"; for its grimmer aspects, "The Runaway," the story of a slave, "The Regulators," and especially, "The Prairie."

I should add also the account of that incredible nature student, Rafinesque, a man quite as extraordinary as his name, who invented new fish and animals when he needed them, but discovered more that were really new, without credit from his contemporaries. And here are full descriptions of the Carolina parakeets and the ivory-billed woodpeckers, birds which are so near extinction that it is probable no one will ever see them again.

Mr. Peattie has not exhausted the Audubon material. Several of his very good essays have been omitted from this collection. I hope the success of this volume will be so great, that it may be followed by another. Certainly, next to Bartram's travels, which have now become easy of access again, it is one of the richest additions to authentic and readable studies of the American scene. Audubon himself, as Mr. Peattie says, was not a professional writer like Thoreau, he was not, indeed, a man-of-letters at all, and his writing outside his journals has that air of conformity to current modes which is the earmark of the amateur, or of the edited manuscript. But he is adequate, and the charm and interest of his subject matter gives him a place in American literary history which this book will help to confirm.

Natchez, Mississippi in 1822. A rare Audubon landscape.

The SRL in Literary History

FIVE YEARS AGO: (Oct. 12)
Reviewing "Murder in the Cathedral," by T. S. Eliot, F. O. Matthiessen said the author "reveals throughout the controlled mastery of technique that, among other living poets writing in English, only Yeats can rival." Important fiction of the week included "Mottke the Thief," by Sholem Asch, "The Seven Arms," by L. A. G. Strong, and "Smith," by Branch Cabell. Of the latter William Rose Benét said it "will remain a remarkable feat in American letters."

TEN YEARS AGO: (Oct. 11)
Fall Book Number. Henry Seidel Canby's editorial "Advice" suggested that no exercise could be more profitable to readers who are open in mind but slipshod in their reading than to find out what modern poetry is about, and what it means to them. "There is no lack of good poetry in America," said Dr. Canby, "with MacLeish, Jeffers, Robinson, Crane, Wylie, Millay, Aiken, Frost." "Quiet Street," by Michael Ossorgin, was the Book-of-the-Month Club selection; "R.V.R. The Life and Times of Rembrandt van Ryn," by Hendrik Willem van Loon, was the Literary Guild choice.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO: (Oct. 10)
Elmer Davis, in a short piece called "Tohu and Bohu," deplored the fact that the novelist of today does not give the reader a two-dollar value in a two-dollar novel. Futility and chaos are what the reader finds today in his fiction, he added.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moral Equivalent of War*

WILLIAM JAMES

THE war against war is going to be no holiday excursion or camping party. The military feelings are too deeply grounded to abdicate their place among our ideals until better substitutes are offered than the glory and shame that come to nations as well as to individuals from the ups and downs of politics and the vicissitudes of trade. There is something highly paradoxical in the modern man's relation to war. Ask all our millions, North and South, whether they would vote now (were such a thing possible) to have our war for the Union expunged from history, and the record of a peaceful transition to the present time substituted for that of its marches and battles, and probably hardly a handful of eccentrics would say yes. Those ancestors, those efforts, those memories and legends, are the most ideal part of what we now own together, a sacred spiritual possession worth more than all the blood poured out. Yet ask those same people whether they would be willing in cold blood to start another civil war now to gain another similar possession, and not one man or woman would vote for the proposition. In modern eyes, precious though wars may be, they must not be waged solely for the sake of the ideal harvest. Only when forced upon one, only when an enemy's injustice leaves us no alternative, is a war now thought permissible.

It was not thus in ancient times. The earlier men were hunting men, and to hunt a neighboring tribe, kill the males, loot the villages, and possess the females, was the most profitable, as well as the most exciting, way of living. Thus were the more martial tribes selected, and in chiefs and peoples a pure pugnacity and love of glory came to mingle with the more fundamental appetite for plunder.

Modern war is so expensive that we feel trade to be a better avenue to plunder; but modern man inherits all the innate pugnacity and all the love of glory of his ancestors. Showing war's irrationality and horror is of no effect upon him. The horrors make the fascination. War is the *strong* life; it is life *in extremis;* war-taxes are the only ones men never hesitate to pay, as the budgets of all nations show us.

History is a bath of blood. The Iliad is one long recital of how Diomedes and Ajax, Sarpedon and Hector *killed.* No detail of the wounds they made is spared us, and the Greek mind fed upon the story. Greek history is a panorama of jingoism and imperialism—war for war's sake, all the citizens being warriors. It is horrible reading, because of the irrationality of it all—save for the purpose of making "history"—and the history is that of the utter ruin of a civilization in intellectual respects perhaps the highest the earth has ever seen.

Those wars were purely piratical. Pride, gold, women, slaves, excitement, were their only motives. In the Peloponnesian War for example, the Athenians ask the inhabitants of Melos (the island where the "Venus of Milo" was found), hitherto neutral, to own their lordship. The envoys meet, and hold a debate which Thucydides gives in full, and which, for sweet reasonableness of form, would have satisfied Matthew Arnold. "The powerful exact what they can," said the Athenians, "and the weak grant what they must." When the Meleans say that sooner than be slaves they will appeal to the gods, the Athenians reply: "Of the gods we believe and of men we know that, by a law of their nature, wherever they can rule they will. This law was not made by us, and we are not the first to have acted upon it; we did but inherit it, and we know that you and all mankind, if you were as strong as we are, would do as we do. So much for the gods; we have told you why we expect to stand as high in their good opinion as you." Well, the Meleans still refused, and their town was taken. "The Athenians," Thucydides quietly says, "thereupon put to death all who were of military age and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonized the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own."

ALEXANDER's career was piracy pure and simple, an orgy of power and plunder, made romantic by the character of the hero. There was no rational principle in it, and the moment he died his generals and governors attacked one another. The cruelty of those times is incredible. When Rome finally conquered Greece, Paulus Æmilius, was told by the Roman Senate to reward his soldiers for their toil by "giving" them the old kingdom of Epirus. They sacked seventy cities and carried off a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants as slaves. How many they killed I know not; but in Etolia they killed all the senators, five hundred and fifty in number. Brutus was "the noblest Roman of them all," but to reanimate his soldiers on the eve of Philippi he similarly promises to give them the cities of Sparta and Thessalonica to ravage, if they win the fight. Such was the gory nurse that trained societies to cohesiveness.

At the present day, civilized opinion is a curious mental mixture. The military instincts and ideals are as strong as ever, but are confronted by reflective criticisms which sorely curb their ancient freedom. Innumerable writers are showing up the bestial side of military service. Pure loot and mastery seem no longer morally avowable motives, and pretexts must be found for attributing them solely to the enemy. England and we, our army and navy authorities repeat without ceasing, arm solely for "peace," Germany and Japan it is who are bent on loot and glory. "Peace" in military mouths today is a synonym for "war expected." The word has become a pure provocative, and no government wishing peace sincerely should allow it ever to be printed in a newspaper. Every up-to-date dictionary should say that "peace" and "war" mean the same thing, now *in posse,* now *in actu.* It may even reasonably be said that the intensely sharp competitive *preparation* for war by the nations *is the real war,* permanent, unceasing; and that the battles are only a sort of public verification of the mastery gained during the "peace"-interval.

It is plain that on this subject civilized man has developed a sort of double personality. If we take European nations, no legitimate interest of any one of them would seem to justify the tremendous destruction which a war to compass it would necessarily entail. It would seem as though common sense and reason ought to find a way to

(*Continued on page* 22)

Excerpts from an article written for and first published by the Association for International Conciliation (Leaflet No. 27) and also published in McClure's Magazine, *August, 1910 and* The Popular Science Monthly, *October, 1910. The article later became part of a book, "Memoirs and Studies," published by Longmans, Green.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chicago's Danny O'Neill

FATHER AND SON. By James T. Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 616 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

IN "Father and Son," James Farrell adds another panel to his set of honest and uncompromising murals of Irish-American life in Chicago. Continuing the main family story of "A World I Never Made," it is nevertheless an independent novel that can be read by itself. And, read by itself, it is, in many respects, Mr. Farrell's most mature and balanced work.

Again, and through a great deal of the book, Mr. Farrell presents a study in adolescence. Danny O'Neill is no Studs Lonigan and his worst failures come when he tries to play the wise guy. But neither is he the frustrated literary genius we are so familiar with in novels of youth. Essentially decent, he is, like most adolescents, bewildered and unsure, with spurts of cocky self-confidence and spurts of self-abasement. He wants to be something great—maybe Kid McCoy, maybe a big-league player, maybe a football star. He recoils with horrified fascination from the idea that he might have a call to the priesthood and yet, boylike, he is quite able to think of himself in the future as Saint Daniel O'Neill of Chicago—all in the same breath. It is all very humanly and genuinely told, in Mr. Farrell's sober style. Danny has his success—it's a good write-up in the Annual and he got nine major "S"s. And yet, when he graduates, something is lacking, something is missing. That wonderful, unique person called Danny O'Neill—that person we all keep somewhere at the back of our minds—somehow or other, he didn't win friends and influence people as he should have. There seemed to be plenty of time to do all the wonderful things in, and then, abruptly, there isn't time any more. You've graduated from school—you can't go back on your tracks. And ahead is being grown-up and a job with the express company and the first cold water of life.

If Mr. Farrell has done this in great detail—and his method is a detailed method—he has also done it with unusual justice. The fright, the dirt, the bewilderment, the flashes of idealism, and the occasional imbecilities of adolescence—all are there. Nothing is caricatured. You may smile at Danny here and there, if you like, but he is never held up for comic effect.

But what gives the book its major weight and impact is the interweaving of two themes. As Danny is going through school and making his first confused attempts to deal with life, the years of his father, Jim O'Neill, are declining. Relentlessly and with small detail after detail, Mr. Farrell shows the wearing out of a strong man and a fighter, not simply by the world's injustice but by the two great enemies, life and time. Jim O'Neill is a decent man—a man who can drink and fight and enjoy the drink and the fighting, but a man of essential worth. After hard work and many setbacks, he has managed to get his head up a little in the world. He is night Wagon Dispatcher for the express company—he can provide for his family even though some of the children still have to live at his mother's. The children aren't turning out badly and though Lizz, his wife, will leave the house in a mess when there's a wake to be gone to, still she's Lizz and you can't change women. The mixture of tenderness and irritation in Jim's attitude toward his family—his attempts to understand his sons—these are finely done. But what grows in the mind is the stature of the man himself. For Jim O'Neill is a man, not a symbol, a slogan, or a piece of propaganda. There is dignity in him. Through him you can see the hard life of the people, for he is one of the people. But his struggle is man's old struggle against time and fate—the struggle that ends in defeat with every death and continues nevertheless.

So the two main threads, against a background of O'Neill's and O'Flaherty's, always spirited and always vocal, their friends, their enemies, and the tumultuous urban life that Mr. Farrell has made his own. It is not easy to review so long and copious a book in brief space. As with most of Mr. Farrell's work, the book would stand cutting and certain incidents are out of proportion. It is difficult to see why quite so much is made of Uncle Al's appendicitis, and, while the various sermons and school-talks are probably accurately reported, there are too many of them. Also, Mr. Farrell does not quite put it across to us just why Danny, in spite of his athletic prowess, is considered goofy by his fellows. He states it, he shows certain incidents, but it is not entirely convincing. A more serious criticism concerns something which is not in the book—something, perhaps, which couldn't be in it, given Mr. Farrell's method. He has drawn, in Jim O'Neill a memorable figure—he has gone as far in depicting both Jim and Danny as honest and accurate realism can go. And yet, to this reviewer, there is something lacking in the end of the book—in Jim O'Neill's death and Danny's feeling about it—the transforming touch that lifts work to greatness.

Perhaps it is wrong to ask for that, each man must write as he writes. And Mr. Farrell's is no inconsiderable achievement. Honestly, solidly, stone by stone, he has built his long books of the stuff of human life. His method will not do everything and his style is sometimes as hard and gritty as a city-pavement. But he is a writer of size and he has won the right to use the two lines from Baudelelaire that appear on his title-page.

Victorian Relapse

That isn't Henry the Eighth as you feared,
Christopher Morley is growing a beard,
Decking his chin with the silkiest fuzz;
Come and admire it, everyone does,
Calling it sweet with a touch of the weird;
Christopher Morley is growing a beard.
Publishers, poets and tellers of tales
View this adornment peculiar to males,
Anxiously whispering, "Shall it be sheared?"
Christopher Morley is growing a beard.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

"Street Scene, Chicago," a drypoint by M. H. Hobbs.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Bombs Are Not Enough

LETTER FROM ENGLAND. By Mollie Panter-Downes. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1940. 259 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

HERE is a collection of the letters sent, from London, by Mollie Panter-Downes, to the *New Yorker,* from September 3rd, 1939, to September 14th, 1940. . . . One year only, but what a year! . . . This unpretentious and wise little book will help the reader to recapture the successive moods through which London, and Britain, passed during the most eventful twelve months of modern history.

It began with a smug and complacent optimism: "Hitler has got it coming to him . . . Hitler has missed the bus." A curious "twenty-five per cent warfare" left room and time for criticism. Londoners blamed the Ministry of Information and said: "The best cause in the world has the worst propaganda." They blamed the A.R.P. and the B.B.C. They criticized evacuation, gas masks, "battalions of ladies emerging from herbaceous borders."

In October, the war continued "to have a strange, somnambulistic quality, in which the latest rumor that Hitler intended to try a 1066 invasion of British shores struck just the right dreamy note." The *Graf Spee* "was the Royal Navy's Christmas present to the British public." In February, one by one, the Museums were opening again. "Hitler or no Hitler," Londoners were determined to enjoy Easter. The railways did a record business. Then the Norwegian reverse made people gloomy, but not for long: "Ah! well, we always start badly," they said. "Every major British victory began with a minor disaster," they said.

On May 10th began the *Blitzkrieg.* The ordinary British citizen remained calm, even when he heard of Leopold's surrender, even when France, overcome by superior forces, had to sign an armistice.

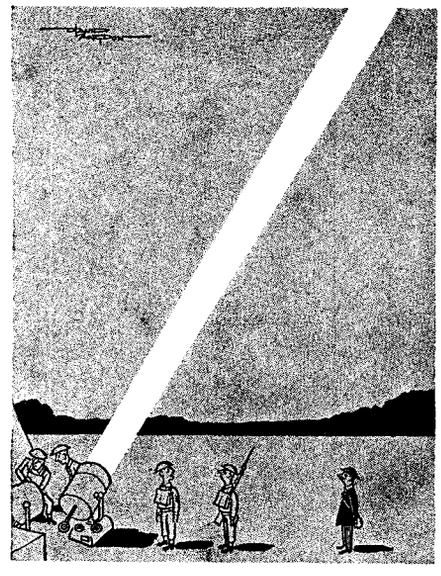
And then suddenly, stirred by danger, England woke up. In every village rectory, local ladies manufactured Molotov cocktails, which were homemade grenades. At night, the "parashots" were on guard and every farmer had a rifle. The month of August was a last "breathing space of civilization." In September, Blitzbombing began and "under stress, every charwoman reacted with the courage, restraint and humor traditionally expected of aristocrats."

Courage, restraint, humor. . . . A very good analysis of the peculiar blend of heroism manufactured on this island. Strange though it may seem to other nations, the British need quite a large percentage of humor in the composition of their fortitude. If Hitler writes "Mein Kampf," they rain pamphlets on his towns and call such pamphlets: "Mein Pamph." If Lord Hawhaw, German broadcaster, asks them, night after night: "Where is the *Ark Royal?",* they turn him into a musical comedy character who keeps on saying: "Where is the Isle of Wight?" If Hitler announces that he will be in London on August 18th, they arrange a tea party for him and Lord Willingdon makes a speech to excuse the absence of "his eminent friend."

Mollie Panter-Downes describes admirably the average English village:

> It represents in miniature all that is good and bad in the English way of life: the obstinate feudalism, the dislike of change, the love of free speech and hidebound customs, and the Englishman's unshakable loyalty to everything to which instinct and training have taught him to be loyal.

Anyone of these villages would perhaps strike an American or French visitor as a rather quaint collection of amateur gardeners and amateur soldiers. "But the glory of the garden lies in more than meets the eye." Put ten thousand such villages on an island; give them a reasonable supply of fighting planes, antitank rifles, and Molotov cocktails. The professional Blitzkrieger will prove quite unable to frighten into submission this "nation of bold amateurs."



Cartoon from "Punch."

"Give him my compliments and tell him that, while we admire the subtlety of his point, we prefer to assume that the blackout regulations do NOT apply to searchlights."

VOICE FROM ENGLAND. By Robert Westerby. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1940. 156 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

THIS book is appropriately called "Voice from England," but it would be a great error to suppose that it is in any sense *the* voice of England. Not many people in the beleaguered isle would read Mr. Westerby with approval, and many would be positively annoyed by him. But if you are fighting for certain principles, it is not a bad idea to practise them; and I find encouragement in the fact that in England a man may still speak his mind openly and freely, and that these very frank remarks passed the censor without the deletion of a word.

Mr. Westerby is just over thirty, and is favorably known as a novelist. I gather that he spent some time in America, and was greatly attracted by it; yet something made him return to his native country, where he evidently found his right milieu at last. Came the war, and owing to the fact that Mr. Westerby had done exceptionally long service in the O.T.C. he was not accepted as a volunteer.

Having rejected him with its right hand, the War Office then proceeded to draft him with its left; and in his last remaining days of freedom Mr. Westerby dashed off this book. Though the author doesn't say so, and is entirely without self-pity, this document is of the *morituri te saluto* kind, and should be treated with a certain tenderness. The haste of its composition and the bewilderment the author frankly admits make it a little vague and inconclusive, but it is a very honest book.

Mr. Westerby is intelligent and a strong individualist, and he had to deal with a tough problem. He has to submit his intelligence and sink his individuality to fight for an England, much of which he despises. He gives us a grimly humorous picture of the smugness, the incompetence, the imbecility, the snobbery of England in the early months of the war—a state of mind from which the country was abruptly shocked by the defeat of France and redeemed by the courage and skill of Dunkirk. In that event and what it implies Mr. Westerby does seem to find something worth a sacrifice.

So far as I know, Mr. Westerby's picture, however highly individual, is a true one; and for that reason I recommend it warmly to American readers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Marxist Road from Moscow

THE TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM. By Louis M. Hacker. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 460 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN its broad outlines Louis Hacker's "The Triumph of American Capitalism" will not seem an earth-shaking document to those who have long accepted the role of economics in human affairs. Its thesis is the familiar Beardean thesis: that the United States was born in revolt against economic oppression by the British mercantile state; and that it reached industrial maturity because of the "second American Revolution" that was the Civil War. Mr. Hacker keeps a diligent eye upon class forces; like his Marxist cousins, he sees the state as the instrument of dominating economic power, and history, for him, is preeminently the "history of class struggles."

So much being true, the reader who is tired of an old story might be expected to toss Mr. Hacker aside with a contemptuous "I've read my Beard." But any such reader would be making the mistake of a lifetime. For "The Triumph of American Capitalism" is a remarkable document—and it is the more remarkable in that Mr. Hacker, once a professed Marxist, here turns the critical instruments of Marxism against all the old familiar Marxist assumptions about America.

It is a prime tenet of Marxism, of course, that there are no "exceptional" nations: all countries must go through the same dialectical development from primitive capitalism to socialism, with the "proletariat" serving everywhere in the role of messiah and organizer of the final "classless" stage. There will be differences in tempo, of course; but no matter, the end must be identical in spite of special mitigating circumstances. Since he has called himself a Marxist in the past, I suppose that Mr. Hacker once believed this; but in "The Triumph of American Capitalism," although he plugs the class analysis with almost wearying zest, he now flatly asserts that "the American tradition"—a compound of the Enlightenment, the American Revolution, Jeffersonianism, Old Radical Republicanism, and Populism—will make the coming American "State capitalism" a rich and democratic thing. No Stalin-Hitler tyranny, no "dictatorship of the proletariat," here: free speech, a free associational life, equality before the law, and, finally, **the right to challenge** oppressive public authority, are all with us to stay.

Drawing by C. L. Baldridge
Louis Hacker has a double thesis.

Such a bold statement that mindstuff can triumph over economic organization comes strangely from an historian of Marxian parentage. Several years ago Mr. Hacker told me that he was tired of the continual harping on one note of the Frederick Jackson Turner school of historians, all of whom ascribed the peculiar contour of American history to the fact of the open frontier. European capital, said Mr. Hacker, had had just as much to do with American development; for hadn't English and Dutch money built the railroads that tied the frontier in with European and world capitalism? And if we were always thus an integral part of world capitalism, how could our bourgeois democracy resist the march of the Marxian dialectic? The dialectic had triumphed in Russia, another country which had borne a colonial relationship to western Europe; and if Russia succumbed, why not the United States?

If you are an orthodox Marxist, there can be only one answer to this question. But Mr. Hacker is more honest than orthodox. In the course of writing "The Triumph of American Capitalism" he discovered his earlier thesis about United States dependence on European capital to be almost wholly fallacious. It was true that English money built some of our railroads, notably the Illinois Central; but the great post-Civil War industrial aggregates—Carnegie Steel, Rockefeller's oil company, the Union and Southern Pacific railroads—were all conjured out of American air so far as the financing went. The big industrial figures of the American nineteenth century all began as poor boys: Eli Whitney, Cyrus McCormick, Philip D. Armour, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Henry Clay Frick, and John W. Gates all made their fortunes without recourse to the money markets of Amsterdam or London. In Russia conditions were exactly the opposite: Russian industry was dependent on loans from western Europe, and the Russian middle class was, therefore, a weak, wavering class with no bone-deep interest in freedom, in self-reliance, and in inventiveness.

Mr. Hacker's double thesis, then, is that the United States has reached industrial maturity independently of the course of events in western Europe, and that somehow the atmosphere of freedom engendered by such economic levitation will carry over into the State capitalism that is even now upon us. We are, so to speak, happy prisoners of our verbal reflexes: simply because we have been taught to respond to the phrases of "liberty," "equality," and "freedom," we are safe no matter what the economic *form* of the future.

Such a conclusion is inspirational, and—assuming that we are to have the Scandinavian type of State capitalism, not the Russian or the German type—I believe it to be true. But Mr. Hacker fails to draw an inference from his findings that should, I think, be stressed. If the United States could grow so great merely by tending to its knitting and matching its men with its land and its metals, why the hullabaloo in certain quarters about our dependence on the fate of world finance? We got along—indeed, we owe our very freedom—to the fact that, unlike Russia, China, or Mexico, we did not depend on international money markets. Today we are urged to accept our "responsibilities" as a world banker. But if international borrowing, on Mr. Hacker's showing, leads either to slavery or repudiation, then doesn't it follow that international lending makes the banker responsible for the slavery of other nations?

Mr. Hacker's book is in no sense an isolationist document; and elsewhere he has written that the United States must take the imperialist road of nineteenth century Britain. But if he has proved that an *undeveloped* nation can thrive without *importing* capital, maybe it can be proved that a *developed* nation is not dependent for internal prosperity on the *export* of capital. If one part of the Marxian thesis is wrong, then maybe the other part is wrong, too. What about it, Mr. Hacker?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

EDITORIAL BOARD

Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith

Norman Cousins
Executive Editor

William Rose Benét
Elmer Davis
Christopher Morley
Contributing Editors

Harrison Smith
Publisher

Copyright, 1940, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

THE ONE INDISPENSABLE

IT requires no range-finder to detect that the air in liberal circles is quivering with disillusion and confusion, or to confirm our fears that almost all our favorite dogmas or ideas of only a few years back have been obscured or obliterated under the pressure of changing events. To refresh your memory concerning those ideas, take down a representative armful of books published half a decade or so ago. Turn to—among others—Dos Passos or Farrell or Dreiser or Hemingway in fiction; to Chase or Sheean or MacLeish or Mumford or Frank in non-fiction. It is difficult to draw a least common denominator from the analyses and conclusions of their books, but a little addition shows that the sum total approximates a number of attitudes and convictions having wide acceptance at the time. War was to be condemned under all conceivable circumstances; there was a general distrust of economic and social America as constituted to cope with the needs of the people, or to survive a crisis; centralization or concentration of power was regarded as not only desirable but inevitable; socialism or some form of a rigidly planned economy were put forward as responsible solutions.

We have been right in expecting that these beliefs might shortly be put to the test, but we have been frequently wrong in anticipating the conditions under which the tests would be made, and more often wrong in pre-judging the results. We scorned war and therefore the instruments of war because we ourselves had no quarrel with other peoples within the visible future, and because we seemed to think that *all* civilization had at last outgrown war. The beautiful glow of this vision obscured the reality that forces far more destructive than war might be loosed which would issue a challenge and determine the rules and conditions under which that challenge might be contested or inflicted. Obscured, too, were other factors: the pulling power of our own ideals and emotions under fire; the possibility that lack of instruments of warfare, far from being an automatic guarantee of lasting peace, might be regarded by better-armed powers as an invitation to war; the likelihood that civilization would not outgrow war until it could produce a dominant species of beings as far above man as man is above animal, overcoming the problems of race suicide with as great success as man himself in overcoming the problems of fire, water, and weather.

Similarly, the prescriptions we wrote for the ills of society have been filled in a manner as disappointing as it is confounding. We called for greater centralization of power, but we were thinking only in terms of power for greater good, forgetting that it could also be used for greater evil. Those of us who said that socialism alone could eliminate our poverty and suffering were surprised and frightened when under that name emerged full-blown personal dictatorships which extended the realm of suffering far beyond the ordinary imagination, and which bent their primary efforts not toward justifying their power but toward maintaining and extending that power. Even less, perhaps, was it suspected that countries flying the banner of socialism—national or international—would threaten directly our own fundamental concepts of living and thinking, or that we might have to fight those countries for our very lives. *Dis aliter visum!*

Little wonder that contemporary literature is strewn with disillusion. Little wonder that there is so much propping-up of convictions with straws, so much groping on the fringes of reality, so much dread of the future. To paraphrase the title of Freda Utley's new book (the most recent and perhaps the best of the disillusion confessionals), the dreams we have lost are many.

What, then, remains? If we are in a fight now—and we are—what is left that we are fighting for? The feeling continues to grow that we are fighting for time to think. We are fighting for time to keep decisions in our own hands, even though we may not be sure now what those decisions may be. We are fighting for time to probe deeper the lessons of the past to learn why it is that history has played strange tricks with our convictions, twisting them into such unrecognizable and antagonistic realities. We are fighting for time to build or resurrect ideals that will brave the years.

Time to think. It is a strange fight but no fight ever had a nobler goal.

N. C.

Citation for a Bed

By Elizabeth K. Phelps Stokes

MR. PRESIDENT, I present this candidate for a degree
For those who serve earth, air, fire, water, universally:

The cradle of the river's way
Its guardian dangerous or gay,
Its bed.

That which parched holds the showers
Not for its own thirst but for flowers,
Their bed.

The rocks that in mountains and oceans act
As foundations that hold the world intact,
Their bed.

The coals and flames of living fire
Serving man's constant desire,
Their bed.

For the air, all the anonymity
Cushioning an extremity,
Its bed.

For the animal kingdom, its gratitude
For sleep in dry straw in plenitude,
Its bed.

As a human symbol monumented
Let plain wood be documented,
The bed.

Handing the scroll, the President said,
Bed, I give you the highest degree—of comfort,
And all the rights and privileges
A man is entitled to
Who measures his ache
Blesses your make
And drops into you.

And the bed said,
Gentlemen, I am not well read
And I hardly know two out of three
Words of your kind eulogy
But if you follow me
I say,
All you who shed the weary scholar's gown
Come to me,
I will support you, and rest your labors down.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Partners in Print

SIR:—May I add a note or two to Mr. Starrett's fascinating "Partners in Print"? He leaves out one of the strangest and most successful of nineteenth century collaborations—the two poets, an aunt and a niece, who wrote as "Michael Field." Among writers of detective stories we have G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. Professor Cole, one of the leading socialist economists and historians in England, as a rule, I think, sketches the plot and Mrs. Cole does the actual writing. In mentioning that great pair of Irishwomen—Miss Oenone Somerville and Miss Martin—he might have said that, though Miss Martin died some fifteen years ago, all of Miss Somerville's books still appear as by "Somerville and Ross." Nor is this from piety; Miss Somerville believes that her collaborator and cousin still helps her. Of occasional collaborations I think one of the most successful was the surprising conjunction of Harley Granville-Barker and Laurence Housman in "Prunella;" another is that which resulted in "The World's Desire" by Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, a novel in which Moses and Helen of Troy come into contact in Egypt; nor should we forget the two novels in which Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford) collaborated with Joseph Conrad. Then if we allow the Brothers Grimm as authors—I doubt myself if they wrote the stories any more than Cecil Sharp wrote the ballads he collected in England and America—space might be found for some famous partnerships of today and yesterday in non-imaginative literature. First there are J. L. and Barbara Hammond, the great historians of the English laborer and his oppressors; then there are Beatrice and Sidney Webb, neither of whom, I believe, except Beatrice in her autobiography, has ever published a book out of collaboration; and lastly never let us forget Doctor Liddell and Dr. Scott, of the Greek Dictionary. A rhyme at the time of its appearance ran thus:

Two men wrote a Dictionary,
  Liddell and Scott;
One part was excellent,
  One part was not:
Scholars and gentlemen, read me
  this riddle;
Which was by Scott, and which was
  by Liddell?

This partnership was thought important enough for Thomas Hardy to immortalize it in one of his rare, light, entertaining poems.

May I gently deprecate Mr. Starrett's gift of Arthur Conan Doyle to Scotland? Doyle was an Irishman, and proud of it—so Irish indeed that, in spite of politics and prejudice, he was one of the most active of those who tried to secure a pardon for Roger Casement. The mention of Ireland again reminds me that W. B. Yeats and Augusta, Lady Gregory frequently collaborated in plays, though the collaboration was not acknowledged on the title-page.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

Carmel, Calif.

"Kindly forward the *SRL* to my new address: Longitude 160° 30′ East of Greenwich Village and Latitude 18° 15′ South."

"C.C.C."*

SIR:—Bravo! for Mr. Cousins's editorial in the Sept. 21st issue. It is very heartening to one who has the mature half of life yet to live in this country.

Thanks also for printing Fletcher Pratt's defense of Writer's Conferences. As one who has been to Bread Loaf as auditor, and to New Hampshire as contributor, may I add a few words?

I think I am speaking for more than myself when I say that I did not go to be told how to write. I went in the hope that the experiences there would help me to find my true self, and how to best fit that self into the contemporary scene. After all, one works at the desk and meditates all the year around. Two weeks on a mountain talking to those who have arrived and exchanging ideas with those in the throes of arriving can lend perspective. It seems to me that writers would do better if they stopped breaking their necks to be simply different, and cultivated the desire to be understood, and to inspire. The best an artist can do is to say the old, eternal things in language that his fellow men will comprehend.

Somerset Maugham admitted freely that he would rather read a newspaper than read most of the poetry that is printed today. As for the "oldsters," to me they are human beings who started out as we did, perhaps as naive (except Mr. Carmer, who seems to have never been naive), as hopeful, reaching out uncertain hands for something solid to keep steady with. They've suffered the same struggles and disappointments, have been as stubborn in persisting, perhaps, and have finally achieved recognition of the contribution they have to make. We do not go to imitate them, except in courage, kindness, and generosity.

KATHERINE KOVACH.

Long Island City, N. Y.

*Carmer's Conferences Controversy.

Mr. Arnold on Cartels

SIR:—This is in regard to Alfred M. Bingham's review of my book, "The Bottlenecks of Business" [*SRL*, Sept. 7].

As a general proposition, I have no faith in cartels as a permanent solution of economic difficulties, but I particularly dislike a person with Mr. Bingham's point of view giving such an understanding review of a book devoted to picturing the advantages of the commercial type of civilization.

My own belief is that cartels, as a general rule, work out perfectly on paper, but never in actual practice. Perhaps we are at the dawn of a new day, but at least at the present stage of history the evidence seems to be on my side.

THURMAN ARNOLD,
Assistant Attorney General.

Washington, D. C.

Information, Please

SIR:—I am making a study of T. Sturge Moore's poetry and would appreciate any information or correspondence that your readers might be disposed to give me.

FREDERICK L. GWYNN.

Dept. of English,
Harvard University,
Cambridge, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GLOBE-TROTTING DEP'T

Two Wanderers

As Seen by a Third, Linton Wells

LETTER OF CREDIT. By Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 442 *pp.* $2.75.

WHEN Jerome Weidman sailed from New York in April, 1939, on his first trip abroad, the Little Man in the Trench Coat warned him:

"A guy from Oshkosh or Mexico or France, he can take a trip around the world. He's got something to see. But a guy from New York, hell, it's a waste of time. You've seen the best before you start. There's no other place like New York. . . . You'll be doing it all the time, comparing with New York wherever you go. You'll be miserable every inch of the way. You won't enjoy a minute of it. . . ."

I think in Mr. Weidman's case the Little Man in the Trench Coat was almost right, because he confesses that he has "never seen a sunset on a mountain top that can match the fascination of Fourteenth Street, between Second Avenue and Broadway, on a Saturday night," and certainly, he was homesick much of the time. Nevertheless, the instincts of the novelist triumphed over the self-sufficiency of the New Yorker and in "Letter of Credit" we have a thoroughly enjoyable narrative, strung together with frequently amusing and occasionally poignant anecdotes and fresh, keen appraisals of places and peoples beyond the Far Horizons.

It is not a travelogue, although it will be relished by rocking chair travelers. Weidmanites, too, will find the author has not forgotten them: In Paris, "I could not control the exuberance with which I expressed to Mme. Tovard my admiration for a people who seemed never even to have heard about the Anglo-Saxon sex taboos." And in Edinburgh, an old Anglo-Saxon word was belabored to the point of nausea, spoiling (for me, at any rate) the otherwise splendid picture of two disillusioned American medical students.

But transcending these passages of doubtful taste are the very human vignettes which reflect Mr. Weidman's literary artistry:

His baffling experiences with an English tailoring establishment in Saville Row; his embarrassment on the Riviera when he couldn't remember the words of the Star Spangled Banner and an attractive English "short-hand-typist" did; and his acquisition of a tropical wardrobe at Port Said.

You will not soon forget the filthy, imperturbable Mr. Frude and his false teeth, disrupting the routine of the P. & O. packet enroute to Bombay; the caddish Briton married to a Eurasian; the truculent Mr. Aspinall, who loathed India, but lived there; the American woman in Bombay who hated a middle-aged daughter because she had prevented her mother from living in Baltimore; the unhappy Kennetts in Singapore, disillusioned after a brief period of marriage; the contented Mr. Willcocks in Sydney; or, on the way across the Pacific, Lucille, who made her own rules of conduct.

"Letter of Credit" gets off to a slow start, perhaps because the author was feeling his way as an innocent abroad and giving too much attention to the threat of impending war. But the last 25 pages certainly provide a whirlwind finish. I've spent half my life on ships in foreign waters and been tossed into some screwball passenger set-ups, but Mr. Weidman's voyage from Sydney to Los Angeles is one that I shall always envy and I think he should have given it more attention than he did.

Jerome Weidman may travel around the earth again and still again; but unfortunately for us, he never will be able to view it through the fresh eyes of a first time traveler. Even a craftsman such as Mr. Weidman can write a "Letter of Credit" only once.

Carleton Beals

THE GREAT CIRCLE. Further Adventures In Free-Lancing. By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1940. 358 *pp., with index.* $3.

YOU may not always agree with Carleton Beals—in fact, he and I have disagreed on the question of so-called American Imperialism in Latin America—but you must admire his professional integrity and sincerity of purpose. These qualities reflect the admirable Wattersonian journalistic principles which I was taught as a youngster and which have kept me in fairly hot water ever since:

"A newspaper man cannot move between somewhere and nowhere.

"When you report, report accurately. When you interpret, interpret honestly.

"Condemn and fight what you believe to be wrong, without fear of consequences. Praise and champion what you believe to be right, though you be charged with selling your soul. Between right and wrong you cannot be neutral.

"If your convictions are worth having, they are worth fighting for.

"Only fools have no prejudices."

That adherence to these principles has also kept Mr. Beals in hot water is clearly revealed in "The Great Circle," a richly readable continuation of his lively free-lancing experiences begun in "Glass Houses."

"The Great Circle" encompasses some of the author's travels before the world went completely berserk. They begin in Spain in 1928 and wander a devious course through North Africa, Italy, Greece, Turkey, European Russia, Germany, and Mexico.

Except in Mexico, Mr. Beals apparently has had no physical contact with contemporary happenings in the locales under discussion. Nevertheless, he has kept abreast of developments and limned them against his experiences and reactions of a decade ago, creating an interesting picture of power politics and the bestial dictatorships of Europe and Mexico, with sidelights on the smug hypocrisy of America. Mr. Beals is a liberal, but beyond a certain point his stomach rebels.

The author is one of those who prefer travel the hard way, rubbing shoulders with native life in its lowest form. Nevertheless, you can find escape in "The Great Circle."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The War between the Sexes

COSTALS AND THE HIPPOGRIFF. By Henry de Montherlant. Translated by John Rodker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 462 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN this novel Montherlant works a garden that has been exhaustively cultivated by his countrymen, and at the same time plays variations on a theme that has long been dear to him; for this author, who emerged from the first World War to become a problem child of French fiction in the nineteen-twenties, began to exploit the war between the sexes long before James Thurber, in rather different terms, visualized the same struggle for *The New Yorker's* sophisticated public.

Male and female, according to Monthelant's view, are forever at odds, with masculinity constantly threatened by the seductions and corruptions of femininity. His successful heroes are men who realize the satisfactions of carnal love to the limit, while eluding the tentacles of romantic love, which can only debilitate and destroy its victims. There was a time when the Church refused to admit that women had souls: Monthelant goes the misogynic Fathers one better by refusing to admit women into the category of human beings. Their only excuse for their inferior existence is that they are essential to what he likes to call The Act. For a true man romantic love is a dangerous malady, marriage the ultimate disaster. So said young Montherlant in his earliest novels, beginning with *Le Songe,* in 1922. And in "Costals and the Hippogriff" (ingeniously translated by John Rodker) he says it again, with much native wit and a skill perfected by long practice.

The Costals of this odd title is Pierre Costals, novelist. The Hippogriff is the fabulous monster of matrimony, to be eluded by heroes at all costs. And eternal woman—she who is ever longing for and working for the monster's triumph—is here personified by Solange Dandillot. The story is a play by play account of Costals's wily tussle with the Hippogriff. More than once he is almost vanquished, but he is saved again and again by a consummate egotism that is capable of any self-saving action, no matter how cruel, no matter how boorish. The remarkably patient Solange and her optimistic mother are, at the last, left clutching at air, while the dreaded monster (like Leconte de Lisle's elephants) vanishes over the horizon. The concupiscent, autolatrous male has triumphed, and stands ready for fresh encounters.

Montherlant unfolds his tale with a wealth of psychological detail that will fascinate most readers, and an abundance of physiological detail that will startle some. In the exploration of mind and body he is tireless and Gallic. Obviously identifying himself with Costals, frequently intruding between reader and fiction, he commits every possible outrage upon despised Woman: he insults her, stamps upon her, spits upon her—and she, in the person of Solange the complaisant—comes back for more.

In short, it is all great fun, if not always clean. It is as French as the most characteristic fixture of a French bathroom. And it is also pure Montherlant—*c'est à dire,* the queer product of an undeniably queer egg. But, however diverting, it is not important, and (despite its polemical Appendix) not to be taken seriously. Montherlant belies his years by still trailing clouds of undergraduate cleverness, and it is probable that Montherlant's "Costals and the Hippogriff" will most impress those whose acquaintance with French fiction is most limited.

Happily, one need not be impressed to be entertained.

SRL etching by Theodore Bronson

Henry de Montherlant goes the misogynic Fathers one better by refusing to admit women into the category of human beings.

Sweet Reasonableness

COUNT TEN. By Hans Otto Storm. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1940. 623 *pp.* $2.50.

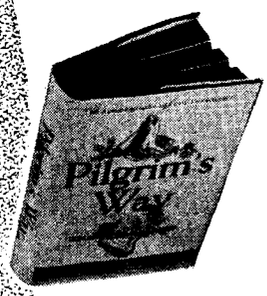
Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IT may be a kind of disservice to Mr. Storm to remember that his two previous books marked him as a writer of considerable talents and great promise. For if this were his first book those same things would certainly be said of it, and they must in fact be said anyway. We had better do so in this case; if Mr. Storm has not actually produced the big work that some critics have foretold for him he has, at any rate, given further evidence that it is to come, and restated the terms of his own talents.

This autobiographic novel, for it seems to be largely that, exhibits first and most significantly an intense intellectual honesty, which is often embarrassing to the less virtuous reader. We might readily have blinked at some compromise with literary effect, some passionate self-dramatization before the mirror—greater contemporaries have done it. But the Eric Marsden at the center of this book is an undeviating rational being. He is relentlessly reasonable, and sweetly so as well. Sweet reasonableness is his armor and it holds off the blows that fell tougher men, even as it keeps from him much of the emotional maturity that must be painfully gotten. If there is weakness and only half-knowledge in the philosophy of the ethical rationalist, here they are in their fairest embodiment. "Count Ten" is the pilgrimage of a latter-day Candide, with the difference, of course, that Mr. Storm means no satire here. He would not deride, but analyze, believing with Eric that to see clearly is already to conquer.

Examined so, through the lens of Eric's eye, are the intellectual phases of contemporary American life, democracy, pacifism, militarism, labor problems, industrial capitalism, the planless America. There are all the materials for that rich, promised book here: ideas, people, scenes, crises, and a writer of rare integrity. The failure is a matter of technics, of form and arrangement, pruning, choice. Incidents great and small seem too often to be equally accented. In the appearance and disappearance of many characters, in the telescoping of events, the book's direction is lost. It comes down to this, that the mind of Eric is the only reality in the book, which is rather a miscalculation in a book so patently meant to study environment. Mr. Storm has still to balance his forces. Even so, he is worth watching all the way.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

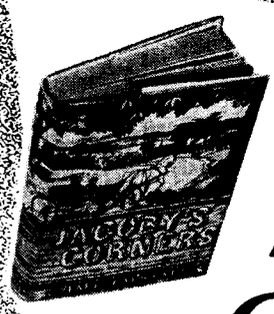


Pilgrim's Way

By JOHN BUCHAN
(Lord Tweedsmuir)

"John Buchan loved nature, his country, and his people beyond all else . . . he has written in this volume his memories of these great loves . . . Here are true and touching pictures of Scotland, England, South Africa, and the United States, made possible by an affection which verged on adoration. His was the seeing eye . . . This book has all the charm, the moving quality, that one had a right to expect of his gifted pen." $3.00

The Saturday Review of Literature



Jacoby's Corners

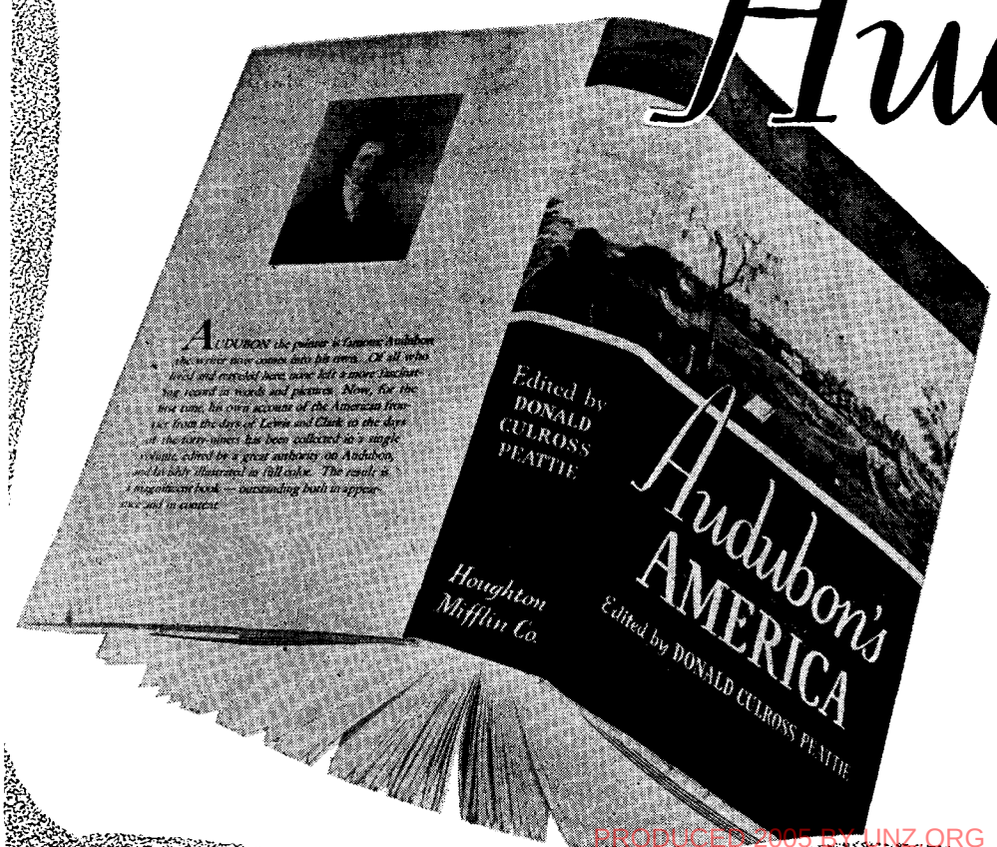
By JAKE FALSTAFF

"A very nourishing book for the saddening sweetness of September is 'Jacoby's Corners' by the late Jake Falstaff." "The imagination is carried wholly back,— unshadowed by reflection or afterthought — to that youthful time when a ride in a railroad cab was high adventure . . . when feeling sun and breathing air were conscious experiences, and when kinfolk had tales to tell and wisdom to listen to." $2.50

The Saturday Review of Literature

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Audubon's



edited by Donald Culross Peattie, is a volume of Audubon's own writings which shows that great painter-adventurer to have been a brilliant writer and a realistic reporter of America in her heroic age. With an artist's feeling for the importance of detail and choice of the revealing incident he recorded what he saw in travels that took him from Florida to Labrador, from New York City to Fort Union. Reproduced in this volume are 17 facsimiles of Audubon's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But Who Wakes the Bugler?

By PETER De VRIES

"It may well be that this book will become known in the history of humor as the first wild bleat of a young voice which was soon to blossom into authoritative hysterics. 'But Who Wakes the Bugler?' . . is a remarkable document, damned by an unfettered fancy and sired by a half pint of gin on an empty stomach." $2.50

The Saturday Review of Literature

A Man Named Grant

By HELEN TODD

"It is vividly written, with real skill in drawing scenes and characters, with a sense for drama, and with passages of eloquent prose. It is warmly sympathetic, and by making Grant human and appealing it does something to make him understandable." $3.50

The Saturday Review of Literature

COMPANY – *Publishers*

AMERICA

Just published — a new classic in American literature

prints and paintings, including a self-portrait, a charming and romantic landscape, 8 of the well-known bird prints and 7 of the less familiar animal prints as well. $6.00

Since AUDUBON'S AMERICA is only just published, no SRL review is available. We suggest, however, that you be on the lookout for an appraisal of this book in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UMI/SRD
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll enjoy and cherish THE ATLANTIC PRIZE NOVEL!

THE Family

by Nina Fedorova

"A lilting song of warmth and joy." — *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.50

30th Thousand

On They Go!

TO THE INDIES

by C. S. Forester

High adventure in his first novel since CAPT. HORATIO HORNBLOWER. $2.50

4th Printing

GYPSY, GYPSY

by Rumer Godden

Haunting new novel by the author of BLACK NARCISSUS. $2.50.

3rd Printing

WHITEOAK HERITAGE

by Mazo de la Roche

Renny takes over Jalna. "One of the best of the saga."—*Chicago News.* An Atlantic Book. $2.50

2nd Printing

AS I REMEMBER HIM

by Hans Zinsser

"A great scientist's legacy to his generation."—*H. S. Canby.* An Atlantic Book. $2.75

5th Printing

JUST OUT!

The Stone of Chastity

MARGERY SHARP'S IMPUDENT NEW NOVEL

$2.50

LITTLE, BROWN

Toscana Saga

DAGO RED. By John Fante. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 211 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

JOHN FANTE will be remembered for his "Wait until Spring, Bandini," a novel about a family of Italian-Americans in Denver, evidently drawn from the author's own childhood experiences. The present volume of short stories is almost entirely made up of pieces cut from the same bolt. Almost the only exception is the last piece, "Hail Mary," the reflections and recollections of a struggling young author who is behind with his rent; and that, in its self-dramatization, self-pity, and its touches of lightheadedness, suggest that in it Mr. Fante was modelling himself on Mr. William Saroyan—a dangerous exemplar for any one with less than the vitality of Mr. Saroyan himself, which permits him to throw off twenty stories to write one good one.

For the rest, if instead of taking them as they are you changed Toscana to Bandini, and the other names to correspond, there is hardly a story here that could not be incorporated into "Wait until Spring, Bandini." There are a number of encounters with the awesome Church of Rome, in some of which it is impossible not to feel that the author is overstressing the naivete; twice there is the incident of yielding to a sudden temptation and taking refuge in immediate confession which was used in the earlier book. There is the same roaring father, lusty and lustful, and the same sensitively reconstructed little boy, who together gave that book its life. Only at the end does Mr. Fante suggest, in his account of a youthful amour, that he has at his disposal material gathered after his childhood, and again, in "Home, Sweet Home," where he hints at the inevitable struggle of children who are obliged to make their ways not the ways of their parents.

In it the narrator comes home, to one of the heaping dinners he likes to describe; he is half in disgrace for his anti-clerical writings, half a hero for being a writer; either way, a prodigal to be feasted. But for this dinner, there is a tacit agreement to set all differences aside; they are all seen only as something past. It is naturally a difficult subject to treat, but one must hope that Mr. Fante will find that or something like it for his next novel; for the homemade red wine of his title is (if a little sweet on the palate) strong and warm; but it will hardly stand watering down into another book.

Publishers Gallery

AFTER twenty-five years of publishing, Alfred A. Knopf has the impersonal looks of a banker, as if he had been born with sparse hair beginning to grey and a waxed mustache; but a banker whose green shirt, violet tie and green stone tie-pin mark still another personality, the publisher-editor as he likes to think of himself.

"When we started to publish in 1915," he said in his office, his back to a wall of Alfred A. Knopf books, "there was just about Dreiser, who was having Comstock trouble. Cabell was writing but he hadn't come to 'Jurgen.' The contemporary American literary scene was pretty poor picking at that time. It was easier for a young publisher to get books from abroad."

Alfred A. Knopf was born in New York City, September 12, 1892. Graduating from Columbia in 1912, he went abroad for a few months. Even at this time, he was interested in the writing men of Europe. He returned to New York City, to go to work for Doubleday, Page. At twenty-three, he became a publisher under his own name.

Twenty-five years later, he acknowledged but one "famous" saying: "A publisher owes a moral obligation to the author." And one habit. He will write advertising copy in the first person about a book he admires.

He likes to ski because it gets him off by himself in his favorite kind of weather. He likes music and small week-end parties at his country place where he broils his own steaks over an open fireplace for his guests. These may include Jules Romains, Madame Undset, Raymond Leslie Buell, the Lehmans, and his hired help.

"Most publishers would sell a book, good, or bad, rather than not sell it." His smile, impersonal, too, seemed aimed at *most publishers*. He admitted that the American literary scene has changed in the past few years. "With Europe fading out, the publisher-editor is compelled to break down the country into regions and to look for regional novels."

1940 finds him imitating the baseball scouts. Literary rookies may be anywhere. At Ithaca, New York, perhaps? He plans a big trip out to the Pacific Northwest, California and Texas.

BENJAMIN APPEL.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writers in Season

ROBERT DISRAELI

HERE are more of our literary gardeners. I saw them during the past few weeks carefully tending their plants, the ripe fruits of which you shall have this autumn. Some raise their books on hilltops far from large cities, others by the sea, while a few prefer city soil.

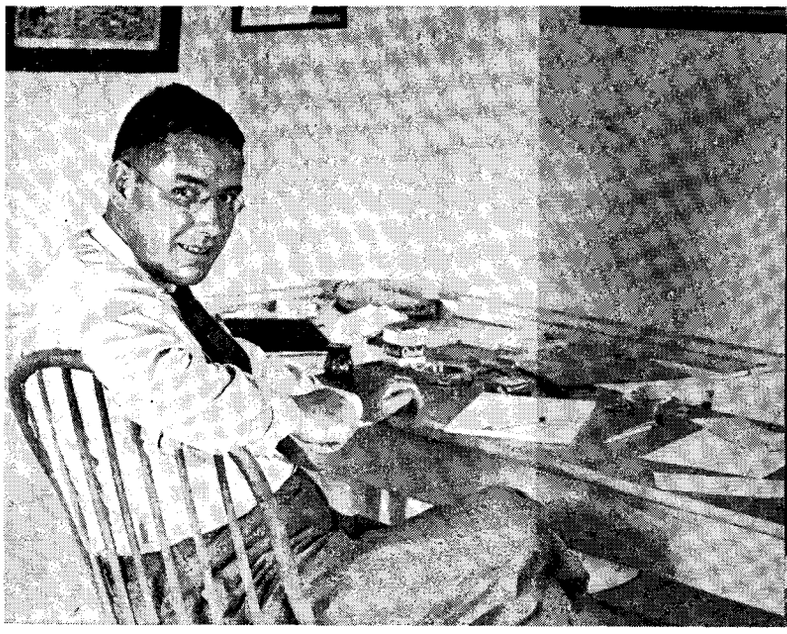
Most of them follow about the same method of work; about six hours a day seems to be the average working time on their books.

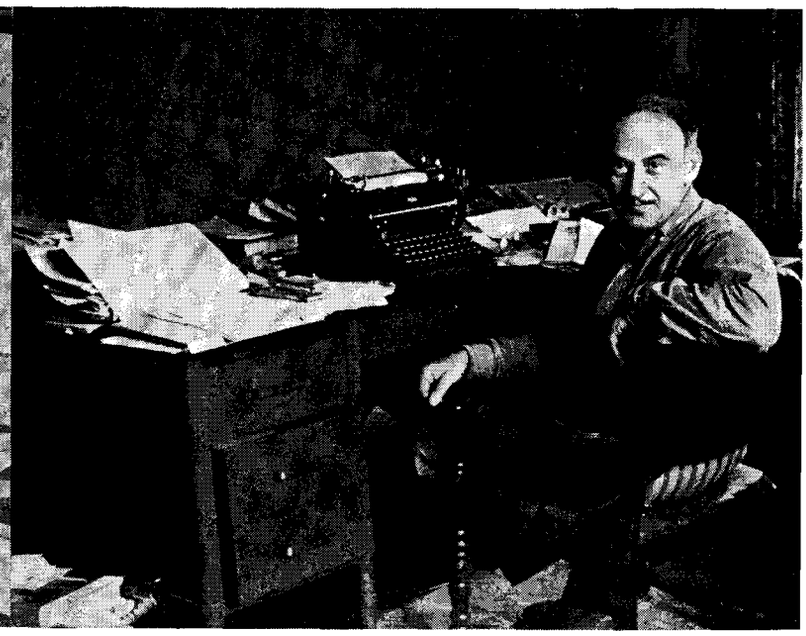
During their busy hours, they shun visitors, and the daring man who ventures in with a camera feels guilty when he has to intrude. However, while occasionally an author assumes an intimidating frown, before long he will probably be romping with a dog, laughing, or "camera" talking, or shuffling the papers on his desk. At heart authors generally are pleased and amused by the photographer's interruption, and the half hour for picture-taking may change into half-a-day of conversation.

Robert Ballou cuts up kindling wood for the six fireplaces in his new house on top of a mountain near Cold Springs. Then he tells us about mountain folks who live barely fifty miles from New York.

Ogden Nash is composing one of his humorous verses to the sound of the New Hampshire ocean. Mr. Nash uses long yellow sheets and pencil to write his material, then it is transcribed on the typewriter by Mrs. Nash, who is an efficient secretary.

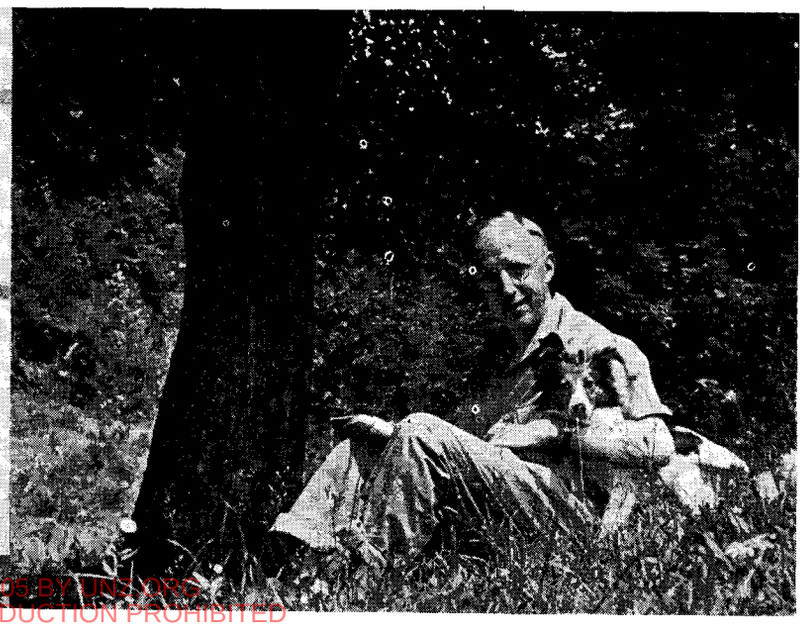
George Seldes—This summer George Seldes finished another book, which is to be published shortly. During the summer he stayed in a palatial Connecticut barn. Here we see him in his workroom getting out copy for his newspaper, *In Fact*.





Hendrik Willem van Loon used your photographer as an excuse for trying out a new shipment of real Java coffee. He is busy at work finishing a book on which he has been engaged for the last eight years. He writes at all hours of the day or night with brown or green ink on yellow and green paper.

Dr. Irwin Edman met us halfway down his private road to help unditch our car. His house, on top of a Vermont mountain, is approached by a road we are reluctant to challenge again. When not playing with his dog, or playing music from his extensive record library, he was working on a book.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE ARE THE NEW LEADERS

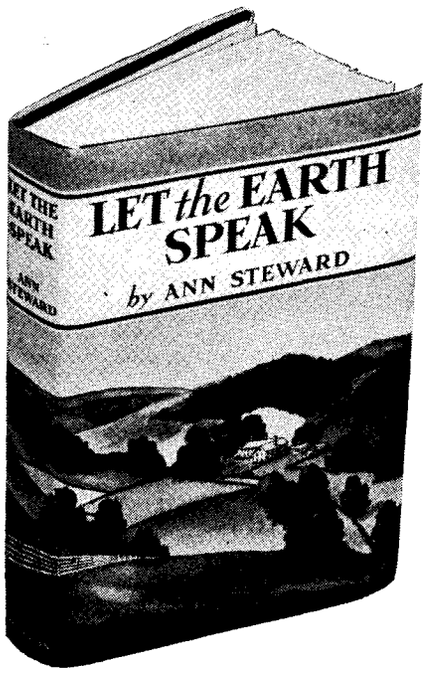
In fiction—

LET THE EARTH SPEAK

A NOVEL OF KENTUCKY AND THE BLUE GRASS

by Ann Steward

A STRANGELY fascinating love story rich with the sights and sounds of the Kentucky countryside in which it is set. To the Hayes El Farm, in the Blue Grass, come the four Jarrells, each differently damaged by life, to spend a year under the strong, healing influence which permeates the farm. Man in his timeless relationship to the earth is the main theme of a story which you will find curiously stirring and deeply satisfying.



"Those for whom magic words have magic still will discover in 'Let the Earth Speak' a release, a comfort seldom found in fiction."

—PAUL JORDAN SMITH,
Los Angeles Times.

$2.50

The Macmillan Company,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THEIR RESPECTIVE FIELDS

In non-fiction—

TRELAWNY

"Biography with all the charms and vivacities of fiction."

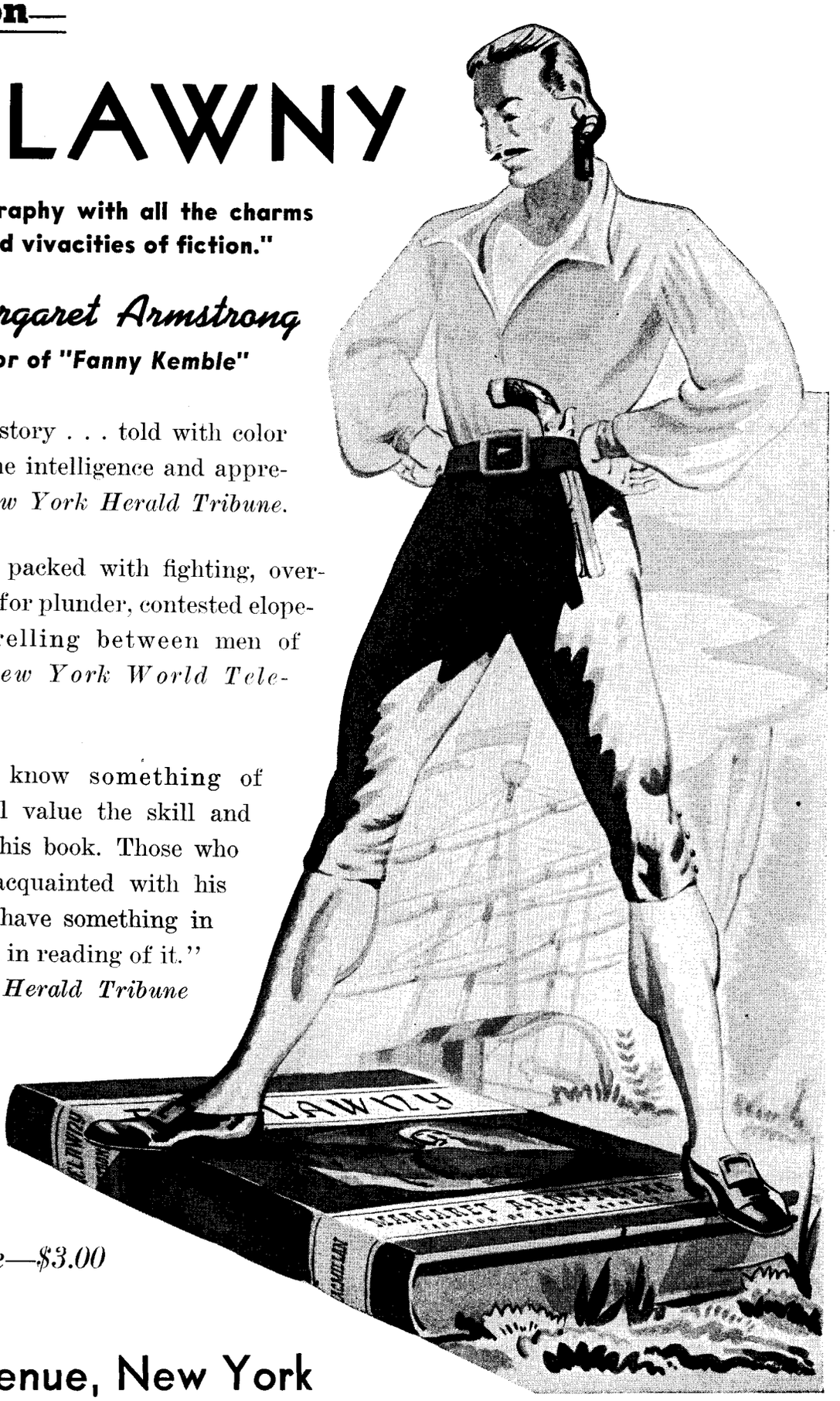
by Margaret Armstrong

Author of "Fanny Kemble"

"A gorgeous story . . . told with color and a feminine intelligence and appreciation."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"A chronicle packed with fighting, overhauling ships for plunder, contested elopements, quarrelling between men of genius."—*New York World Telegram.*

"Those who know something of Trelawny will value the skill and integrity of this book. Those who are not yet acquainted with his fabulous life have something in store for them in reading of it."
—*New York Herald Tribune "Books".*



at good bookstores everywhere—$3.00

600 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT...only $5 for this signed ORIGINAL by THOMAS BENTON? Why, he's one of the greatest artists in America!

Yes . . . **SIGNED ORIGINAL ETCHINGS** *and* **LITHOGRAPHS** *by Benton, Grant Wood, John S. Curry, Luigi Lucioni and 63 other of the country's finest artists . . . Only $5 each (normal value $18 to $36)*

Free Illustrated Catalogue Gives Complete Details

This exciting offer—this amazingly low price—is possible only because 67 of America's most noted artists have sponsored a new nation-wide Art Program. They realize that they achieve their finest expression, attain a wider market, only when *every* cultured person can afford genuine originals.

THESE NOTED ARTISTS

George Biddle
Gordon Grant
Doris Lee
Aaron Bohrod
Peggy Bacon
Ernest Fiene
Albert Sterner
Adolf Dehn
Alexander Brook
William Gropper
George Grosz
... AND MANY OTHERS
See Free Catalogue

Thus you now can get guaranteed museum-perfect signed Original Etchings and Lithographs from the same collection from which the Metropolitan Museum, Chicago Art Institute and 76 other famous institutions have acquired them.

Send Coupon for FREE Catalogue

You can order direct from the catalogue illustrating over 140 subjects, including many prize-winners, giving artists' biographies, etc. If not completely satisfied your money will be refunded. Enclose 10c in stamps with the coupon for postage and handling. Address:

ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS
Studio 2310, 711 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Associated American Artists
Studio 2310, 711 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Please mail me your FREE, 64-page Catalogue, illustrating all Signed, Original Etchings and Lithographs available, explaining reasons for this American Artists' Program; giving artists' biographies and prizes won, etc. I enclose 10c in stamps for handling and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR

(Continued from page 8)

reach agreement in every conflict of honest interests. I myself think it our bounden duty to believe in such international rationality as possible. But, as things stand, I see how desperately hard it is to bring the peace-party and the war-party together, and I believe that the difficulty is due to certain deficiencies in the program of pacificism which set the militarist imagination strongly, and to a certain extent justifiably, against it. In the whole discussion both sides are on imaginative and sentimental ground. It is but one utopia against another, and everything one says must be abstract and hypothetical. Subject to this criticism and caution, I will try to characterize in abstract strokes the opposite imaginative forces, and point out what to my own very fallible mind seems the best utopian hypothesis, the most promising line of conciliation.

Reflective apologists for war at the present day all take it religiously. It is a sort of sacrament. Its profits are to the vanquished as well as to the victor; and quite apart from any question of profit, it is an absolute good, we are told, for it is human nature at its highest dynamic. Its "horrors" are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers, of coeducation and zoöphily, of "consumer's leagues" and "associated charities," of industrialism unlimited, and femininism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valor any more. Fie upon such a cattle-yard of a planet!

So far as the central essence of this feeling goes, no healthy minded person, it seems to me, can help to some degree partaking of it. Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which every one feels that the race should never cease to breed, for every one is sensitive to its superiority. The duty is incumbent on mankind, of keeping military characters in stock—of keeping them, if not for use, then as ends in themselves and as pure pieces of perfection,—so that Roosevelt's* weaklings and mollycoddles may not end by making everything else disappear from the face of nature.

Pacificists ought to enter more deeply into the esthetical and ethical point of view of their opponents. Do that first in any controversy, says J. J. Chapman, *then move the point,* and your opponent will follow. So long as anti-militarists propose no substitute for war's disciplinary function, no *moral equivalent* of war, analogous, as one might say, to the mechanical equivalent of heat, so long they fail to realize the full inwardness of the situation. And as a rule they do fail. The duties, penalties, and sanctions pictured in the utopias they paint are all too weak and tame to touch the military-minded.

Having said thus much in preparation, I will now confess my own utopia. I devoutly believe in the reign of peace and in the gradual advent of some sort of a socialistic equilibrium. The fatalistic view of the war-function is to me nonsense, for I know that war-making is due to definite motives and subject to prudential checks and reasonable criticisms, just like any other form of enterprise. And when whole nations are the armies, and the science of destruction vies in intellectual refinement with the sciences of production, I see that war becomes absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity. Extravagant ambitions will have to be replaced by reasonable claims, and nations must make common cause against them. I see no reason why all this should not apply to yellow as well as to white countries, and I look forward to a future when acts of war shall be formally outlawed as between civilized peoples.

Let me illustrate my idea more concretely. There is nothing to make one indignant in the mere fact that life is hard, that men should toil and suffer pain. The planetary conditions once for all are such, and we can stand it. But that so many men, by mere accidents of birth and opportunity, should have a life of *nothing else* but toil and pain and hardness and inferiority imposed upon them, should have *no* vacation, while others natively no more deserving never get any taste of this campaigning life at all, — *this* is capable of arousing indignation in reflective minds. It may end by seeming shameful to all of us that some of us have nothing but campaigning, and others nothing but unmanly ease. If now—and this is my idea—there were, instead of military conscription a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *Nature,* the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other goods to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be

(Continued on page 26)

*Theodore Roosevelt.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

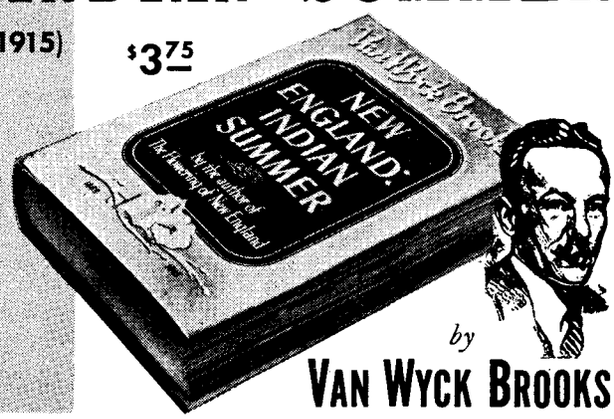
"NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER

...is the Literary Event of 1940"

WILLIAM McFEE *(N.Y. Sun)*

(1865-1915)

$3.75



by

VAN WYCK BROOKS

"There has been no more profound or significant piece of writing in the last three decades."—*WASHINGTON STAR.*

"Clearly this is the American 'book of the year.' A wise, erudite and beautiful work of art."—*BUFFALO NEWS.*

"One of the outstanding non-fiction publications of the year. A must book."—*AMERICAN LIBRARY JOURNAL.*

"One of the really important books of our day. The greatest literary history of our time."—*FANNY BUTCHER, CHICAGO TRIBUNE.*

"This book has charm and brilliance. It is bound to be read everywhere."—*SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.*

"A great work of literature... Brooks' re-creation of the human side of New England is dramatically crowded with people and characterization, incident and humor as are only a few great novels"—*TIME MAGAZINE.*

- **THE NEW NATIONAL BEST SELLER**
- **NOW IN ITS 19th PRINTING**

---

4 PRINTINGS before publication

- **"For pure pleasure THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN is the best book that has come into my hands this year."**—*JONATHAN DANIELS, author of A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS NEW ENGLAND.* **$2.50**

The Vanishing VIRGINIAN

by
REBECCA YANCEY WILLIAMS

- **WILLIAM LYON PHELPS**

One of America's best-loved citizens writes here honestly and engagingly of the achievements of happiness in marriage, an institution in which he believes profoundly. **$1**

MARRIAGE

- **A. A. MILNE**

A collector's item—a new book of verse by the author of "When We Were Very Young," "Red House Mystery," etc., and one of the world's great masters of light verse. **$1.75**

BEHIND THE LINES

- **KATHLEEN COYLE**

A sensitive, keenly perceptive novel, concerned with the emotional tensions and reactions of three widely different women. By the author of last season's distinguished Best Seller, "IMMORTAL EASE." **$2.50**

WHO DWELL with WONDER

- **RALPH BATES**

A distinguished NEW novel by the author of the "OLIVE FIELD." No other living novelist, recording the drama of his own time, has so brilliantly pierced the surface turbulence of our world. His new book, like the "Olive Field," is more concerned with the spiritual and moral values than with political theories and their application. **$2.50**

FIELDS of PARADISE

- **AN AMERICAN, SIR**
  By Corwin Root.....**$2.50**
- **CITIES AND MEN**
  By Inman Barnard.....**$3.00**
  Edited and with an Introduction by Sisley Huddleston
- **NORTHERN WINTER**
  By Gosta Af Geijerstam....**$2.50**
  Author of "Northern Summer", etc.
- **THIS SECOND WAR OF INDEPENDENCE**
  By William S. Schlamm....**$2.00**
- **DE GAULLE AND THE COMING INVASION OF GERMANY**
  By James Marlow.....**$1.00**
- **PEOPLE OF NOTE**
  By Laurence McKinney.....**$1.00**
  Pictures by Gluyas Williams

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most important books of the year in the American theatre

SAROYAN'S THREE PLAYS

My Heart's in the Highlands
The Time of Your Life
Love's Old Sweet Song

The Pulitzer Prize and Critics' Award winner's three plays in one volume . . . "the freshest, most genuine humorous talent the theatre has seen in many a moon."—*George Jean Nathan.* $3.00

Maxwell Anderson's Eleven Verse Plays 1929-1939

ELIZABETH THE QUEEN
MARY OF SCOTLAND
THE MASQUE OF KINGS
THE WINGLESS VICTORY
THE FEAST OF ORTOLANS
NIGHT OVER TAOS
SECOND OVERTURE
VALLEY FORGE
WINTERSET
HIGH TOR
KEY LARGO

1324 pages, $3.75

"Stark fascination . . . accumulative dark wallop."

Seabrook's WITCHCRAFT

ITS POWER IN THE WORLD TODAY

"A gorgeous and fantastic cavalcade of the wicked and unearthly. Eeriest reading since Dracula descended on a horror-stricken world."
—*Springfield Republican*

One man's testimony to the existence and limitations of black magic—and white magic—and he confesses to have practised them himself, for good and for evil. $3.00

HUGH

A Surgeon's

"This is a n
unprecedent
themselves

. . . The distinguished knife man r
can be called fantastic because, in
buggy, Odyssean, Harvard-professo
exhilaratingly different . . . Out of it
not a ham Hippocrates, but a humar
have been battlegrounds for 45 yea
plumber of human drainpipes — f
ashamed of it . . . But beyond that,
Hugh Young, now seventy. He is,
going to defend America . . . He

554 pages, ove

TOP FICTION BEST SELLER IN

Mrs MI

By JAN STRUTHER... "All that was best in English lif

by Matthew Josephson

author of "THE ROBBER BARONS"

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS

Here is hard-hitting history for all people interested in our national destiny, a stirring story of American politics in the era of reform from McKinley to Wilson. Josephson's keen analysis of the men who have aspired to power and taken over in the past comes as an object lesson to present-day leaders.

With new clarity and force, and not a little previously unwritten history, the book makes us see the struggle of the Mark Hannas and J. P. Morgans to maintain the status quo against the popular wave of reform that came to a head in the founding of Theodore Roosevelt's progressive party.

Here is the entire political roster of this age of unrest: the Presidents, near Presidents, and President makers — T. R., Lodge, Root, Beveridge, La Follette, Bryan, Taft, Harvey, Wilson, House. The book is readable and discerning history that everywhere relates itself to the present and future. *Just out,* $3.75

Denis de Rougemont's
LOVE IN THE WESTE

Translated from the French by Mont

"It interested me about as much as any non-fi
year . . . I recommend this startling book—fo
much to professional practitioners of passio
of the social and religious myths on which the
Europe still rests, though not too securely."
New Yorker.

André Siegfried's
SUEZ AND PANAMA

"Brilliant in its blending of information,
reasoning centered about those two canals wh
between East and West."—*Pearl S. Buck, Asia*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUNG

lutobiography

stone: this is
books about
doctors . . .

imself in his fantastic biography. It
ent avalanche of medical horse-and-
ironicles, it stands out so stark, so
, droll, unexpected pages there grows
For Hugh Young his operating rooms
so he describes them. He is a super-
esidents to paupers — and he's not
this that must stir our admiration of
ly what all of us must be if we are
nitable."—PAUL DE KRUIF, N. Y.
HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS.

ustrations, $5.00

Forty-one of our most eminent thinkers —an international assemblage—talk out on a burning problem

FREEDOM: Its Meaning

Edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen

Einstein, Shotwell, Croce, Mann, Whitehead, Dewey, Beard, Maritain, Russell, Salvemini, Haldane, Hu Shih, Bergson, and many others write a book on the meaning of Freedom. It is an attempt to arrive at an authoritative synthesis of the meaning of the concept, an encyclopedic investigation by the world's outstanding minds in all branches of learning. *Just out,* $4.00

by
Anne Morrow Lindbergh

The Wave of the Future

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

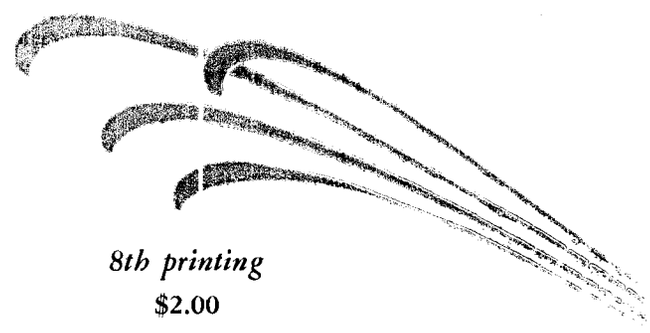
A positive faith for the future, for those bewildered by the bitter world-events of our time, can be supplied only by one who knows that courage is vital in our daily lives, who believes in the poise of faith against fear. This is a sincere and heartfelt confession. $1.00

ERICA

First on the New York Herald Tribune's "What America Is Reading" Chart

IVER

this delightful book."—N. Y. Herald Tribune



8th printing
$2.00

WORLD

elgion
k I've read this
tartling—not so
serious students
cture of modern
Fadiman, The
$3.00

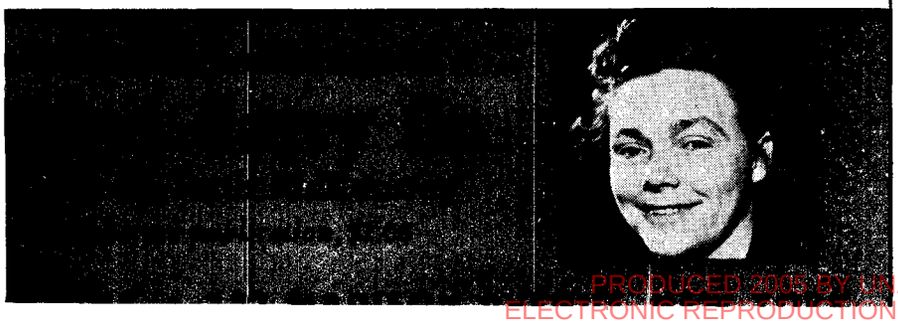
n and political
main gateways
$3.00

The autobiography of
W. E. B. DuBois
DUSK OF DAWN

"There is nothing quite like it in the literature of the subject; although it has more differences than similarities, its nearest counterpart in American letters is 'The Education of Henry Adams'."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.* $3.00

Elswyth Thane's
ENGLAND WAS AN ISLAND ONCE

This record of an American woman's many years of visits to England, illumined by a deep, indestructible love for the country, shows how, through all time, the English have faced their wars and tribulations. An active sense of history gives the book perspective for the present, and faith and cheer for those who also love England. $3.00



The long-awaited book by one of America's most brilliant critics, the author of Axel's Castle

Edmund Wilson's TO THE FINLAND STATION

Max Eastman says:
"Edmund Wilson is our best critic, and this so far is his best book — a veritable education in socialism presented in the form of adventures in a castle filled with startling ideas and quite astounding deeds and people. He knows how to make the things you *ought* to know exciting. That does scant justice, though, to the beautiful architecture of the castle, and the poised good judgment of its author. He *is* our best critic."

Sidney Hook, N. Y. Herald Tribune:
"He has brought to this study of revolutionary thought and action the same distinguished qualities of perception and insight which have marked him as one of our foremost literary critics." $4.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOKES

Phil Stong's

If School Keeps

The adventure of the kind of education most Americans get — and love. "It has abounding vitality. It is very honest and very funny . . . fine, provocative and stimulating." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illus. $2.75

Percy Marks'

No Steeper Wall

Expelled from Harvard, Larry was shipped west in thorough disgrace. Here, told with drama and color, are the six eventful years in California of the 1900's that left a lasting imprint on Larry's life. $2.50

Maurice Walsh's

The Hill Is Mine

The *modern* romantic novel Walsh fans have been asking for — the story of an American boy who finds high adventure in the Scotland of his forebears. $2.50

W. L. River's

Transit U.S.A.

An unforgettable novel of the social unrest that is molding tomorrow's America — seen through the eyes of a boy whose belief in humanity couldn't be shaken. $2.50

Alice Glasgow's

Sheridan of Drury Lane

The compelling biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, playwright, politician, and wit — revealed as a remarkable, delightful, and completely human being. $3.00

F. A. STOKES CO., N. Y. C.

(*Continued from page 22*)

wrought into the growing fibre of the people; no one would remain blind as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently sour and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their own part in the immemorial human warfare against nature; they would tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation.

Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the many moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace. We should get toughness without callousness, authority with as little criminal cruelty as possible, and painful work done cheerily because the duty is temporary, and threatens not, as now, to degrade the whole remainder of one's life. I spoke of the "moral equivalent" of war. So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. But I have no serious doubt that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed to a certain intensity, are capable of organizing such a moral equivalent as I have sketched, or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type.

The martial type of character can be bred without war. Strenuous honor and disinterestedness abound elsewhere. Priests and medical men are in a fashion educated to it, and we should all feel some degree of it imperative if we were conscious of our work as an obligatory service to the state.

It would be simply preposterous if the only force that could work ideals of honor and standards of efficiency into English or American natures should be the fear of being killed by the Germans or the Japanese. Great indeed is Fear; but it is not, as our military enthusiasts believe and try to make us believe, the only stimulus known for awakening or stimulating the higher ranges of men's spiritual energy.

World Problem No. 1

DUSK OF DAWN. By W. E. Burghardt DuBois. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1940. 334 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD G. VILLARD

AS Dr. DuBois correctly says, this is less his autobiography than "the autobiography of a concept of race, elucidated, magnified and doubtless distorted in the thoughts and deeds which were mine. . . . " As such it is as arresting and as interesting and, at times, as moving as most of the other books which have come from his pen—his "Souls of Black Folk" still sells and is still an American classic. In "Dusk of Dawn" we again have proof that this old fire-eating leader of our colored intellectuals has calmed down without in the least abating his just demand that his race shall have every one of its rights and social privileges, or altering his belief that the race and color problem is the greatest confronting the world—even in the face of Hitler—and primarily the problem of the future world.

It is quite possible that if Dr. DuBois had something of his new quality in his earlier days he would not have antagonized as many people as he did. Not that he could ever have lived a quiet life or failed to arouse people's ire. No one who bluntly speaks his mind, who champions the oppressed and wronged and applies the right names to the oppressors can hope either to be popular or to rest upon a bed of roses. But Dr. DuBois frankly admits now that he was rude and brusque because of his being as a boy "thrown in upon himself" and deeply repressed, partly because of "real and imagined discriminations." Also in part, I should judge, by the very

Addison N. Shurlock

W. E. Burghardt DuBois

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S "A FABLE"

IT'S "COCKEYED"

IT'S "NATIVE AMERICAN HUMOR";

... it "belongs with Cervantes, Gogol, Mark Twain, and Lardner"—but whatever else it is, ALL the critics agree that

CLYDE BRION DAVIS'

Sullivan

IS HILARIOUS!

THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF
"The Great American Novel—" and *The Anointed*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY: "The peculiar tingle of pleasure this book gives me . . . unpretentious, goofy, full of the most satisfying dialogue. This is a tale so kindly and closely written you will scarcely suspect its attentive skill."
—The Book-of-the-Month Club News.

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON: "More readers, perhaps, know Mr. Davis' 'Great American Novel' than are familiar with 'The Anointed' . . . But for those who like him best of all in the vein of his first book, I'd like to note here and now that his new tale, 'Sullivan' is straight down the groove of 'The Anointed'. It's got just what that curious little tale had, and a good deal more, too. It should be obvious that Mr. Davis is not merely writing nonsense here, but (as in 'The Anointed') putting forward a fable for those who can get behind it. If you like this kind of thing . . . and a great many do, I being one of them . . . you'll have the time of your life with 'Sullivan'. Better yet, if you haven't met Mr. Davis before, you'll discover him to be a man worth meeting."
—San Francisco Chronicle.

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "A good story and a lot of glorious nonsense . . . something singularly native and American in Davis's humor."

PHILADELPHIA LEDGER: "Read 'Sullivan'. In these gloomy times, it will refresh like a dip into the surf on a hot day. McKinley Williams is as rare a rascal as ever entered the pages of any novel."

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER: "A salty fable, compounded of equal portions of Mark Twain, Robert Nathan and Davis himself . . . the amazing flow of earthy anecdote and character portrayal give the book its unique flavor and make it a stand-out attraction. In a world sadly lacking in humor, 'Sullivan' is a rib-tickling life-saver."

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "A real contribution to Americana."

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT: "McKinley Williams belongs in the Hall of Fame along with Dickens's *Mr. Pickwick* and Lewis Carroll's *Red Queen.*"

279 pages, $2.50

FARRAR & RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

6th printing!

"The best novel I have read this year."
—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

the FIRE and the WOOD

By R. C. HUTCHINSON

"One of the loveliest love stories imaginable."
—WILLIAM McFEE

440 PAGES, $2.50

FLASH!—THE BIGGEST NEWS STORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS AND THE STORIES OF THE MEN WHO COVERED THEM ARE TOLD IN "AP—THE STORY OF NEWS" BY OLIVER GRAMLING COMING OCTOBER 21 TELL YOUR BOOKSELLER TO SAVE YOU A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF "AP"

THE Misses Elliot of Geneva

BY WARREN HUNTING SMITH

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: "A very amusing, witty essay about the quaint old ladies who adorned till yesterday the society of that exquisite old upstate town, Geneva. 'Just as crusaders, in olden days, set out to rescue the Holy City from the infidels, so did the Elliot sisters intend to do their part in rescuing America from foreigners, Democrats, high churchmen, and companies that didn't pay their dividends.' All in all a delicious morsel."

Illustrated by The Cosgraves • $2.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only two modern books on Germany's place in the world have been written by men who have made a life study of the problem. The first was *Mein Kampf*. This is the other side.

EUROPE AND THE GERMAN QUESTION
by F. W. Foerster

"Presents one of the very best summaries of the history and spiritual pathology of Nazism. The book compares in importance with that of Rauschning."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"The most important book on the sources and the nature of the present war and on the phenomenon of Hitlerism that has so far appeared."—*The Wall Street Journal.* $3.50

THE BORGIA POPE
by Orestes Ferrara

The Borgias made history, but what has history made of the Borgias, that most notoriously criminal family in the scandalous High Renaissance? Here is a new portrait, drawn from original sources, of the head of the family, Alexander VI—the perfect subject for biography. $3.50

PAGEANT OF LETTERS
by Alfred Noyes

"Real literature is a tree, with branches, leaves, and blossoms." England's best-loved modern poet and most charming prose-writer proves his point in nineteen delightful essays on masters of English from Chaucer to Whitman. $2.50

WORD-HOARD
Edited by Margaret Williams
Illustrated by Anne Pracny

The whole treasury of the first five hundred years of English literature unlocked for the first time to everyone who loves superb poetry and prose. From the first recorded English epic "Widsith" to the Norman conquest, some of the greatest writing in all our history is here translated so as to preserve the flavor of the original in all its vigor and beauty. $4.00

SHEED & WARD
63 Fifth Avenue New York
or your bookseller

real egotism which shines through these pages in which few others are praised—chiefly those who contributed to his success.

That Dr. DuBois has been a genuine success and can now as a septuagenarian look back with satisfaction on his career, is true despite some evidence to the contrary. He was one of the first Negroes to win a Ph. D.—in Berlin—after years of study at Fisk and Harvard. He was quick to see the tremendous opportunity offered to him for intellectual leadership and he took it. His first aspiration was in the field of history and social science, but when he began to teach his wise ambition was "to study the facts, any and all facts, concerning the American Negro and his plight and by measurement and comparison and research, work up to any valid generalization that I could." Then, as now, there was a dreadful dearth of factual knowledge, not only as to the American Negro but as to the race itself. The Atlanta University studies of Negro conditions, edited, inspired, and partly written by Dr. DuBois, have stood the test of time, despite admitted imperfections. The contributions made to the question of Negro mortality and urbanization, their struggles for social betterment, their life in business and colleges, and the examinations of the Negro common school, Negro churches and Negro crime, were epoch-making, and Dr. DuBois is entitled to point out that they have been the bases, more or less, of all investigations made between 1896 and 1920.

None of us who were in the work of aiding colored people to advance can ever forget the exciting and stirring controversy between the DuBois and Booker Washington schools. Dr. DuBois presents it well and justly here. It was not merely a controversy due to the fact that Dr. DuBois and his followers would admit of no compromise and that Booker T. Washington would and that the latter while decrying political activities among Negros dictated Negro political activities from Tuskegee and actually allowed himself to be consulted by several Presidents as to the appointment of white and colored men to office in the South. As Dr. DuBois now puts it: "At a time when Negro civil rights called for organized and aggressive defense, he broke down that defense by advising acquiescence or at least no open agitation." His speeches led to the public's blaming the Negro for his shortcomings and his conditions more than his masters. But more than that Mr. Washington, with all his admirable qualities and most useful leadership in other directions, became almost a dictator in the field of Negro learning, as well as politics. No Negro institution, for one example, could collect funds without the recommendation of Mr. Washington and in this he was encouraged by friendly philanthropists in the North. Many of those in that group wittingly or unwittingly have played into the hands of those in the South who wished every Negro to be a good laborer and nothing else. All of this Dr. DuBois sets forth with greater objectiveness and fairness than I should have thought possible.

Out of this situation grew the Niagara Movement—in 1906. This was the conception of Dr. DuBois. He put it through and although it lived only a short time, it should always be remembered as the milestone in the advancement of the Negro of America. It created a great sensation and was widely denounced as dangerous and radical. If the adjective Bolshevik was then not applied to Dr. DuBois, it was only because it had not yet been discovered by American editors. The South naturally was up in arms. Here are the dangerous demands made by the twenty-nine men representing fourteen states who met with Dr. DuBois on July 9 at a little hotel on the Canadian side of the Niagara River:

> Freedom of speech and criticism; unfettered and unsubsidized press; manhood suffrage; abolition of all caste distinctions, based on race and color; a demand for human brotherhood; recognition that the highest and best human training is the monopoly of no class or race; a belief in the dignity of labor; and finally, united efforts to realize those ideals under wise and courageous leadership.

Three years later some of us organized the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the first thing we did was to call Dr. DuBois who became the editor of its magazine, *The Crisis*. For some years he made of it an enormously influential magazine.

For the rest, the story of Dr. DuBois's own evolution, as well as his changing concept of the Negro problem, make fascinating reading. His chapter on "The White World" is one that nobody had better read who believes in the theory of race superiority. For biting irony, mixed with gentle sarcasm and most trenchant analysis, I commend to all the debate between himself and a supposititious friend, "Roger Van Dieman." Here Dr. DuBois has again produced literature as well as history. No one can deny that this book must be on the shelves of every collection dealing with the colored race. Whatever is in store for us, Dr. DuBois has done well for his own future standing in the light of history and for the correct interpretation of his people and their problem by writing this noteworthy book.

Oswald Garrison Villard is an outstanding worker for the advancement of the position of the Negro.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Author, Author!

THE New York salesman for Thomas Mann's publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, called on a bookstore and was met by an upset proprietor who had just heard by phone from his son, a reporter on *PM*, that Thomas Mann had been shot in Los Angeles, where he had spent the summer. The salesman lost no time in passing on the information to the Knopf publicity man, J. R. Bueno. Not daring to alarm Mr. Knopf and the whole organization, the distraught Mr. Bueno spent a few anxious hours trying to verify the story. He called the A. P., the U. P., and even got the city desk of the New York *Times* agitated enough to rush off a wire to Los Angeles, only to learn that Mann was going quietly about his affairs and was expected to return shortly to Princeton, New Jersey. No one seems to know how the yarn got to the offices of *PM*.

★ ★

André Maurois, who has just published his own story of the defeat of France, "Tragedy in France," was the guest of honor of the Alliance Française and the Art Alliance of Philadelphia on the day following publication of his book. M. Maurois came to this country during the summer from Canada where he arrived on a boat carrying 1,000 British children, one of whom, a boy of seven, he cared for on the voyage. He was, before the fall of France, a captain in the French army, attached to the British army as liaison officer. . . . Sigrid Undset, whose most recent book is "Madame Dorthea," opened her lecture tour in St. Louis on October 3. Mme. Undset recently arrived from Norway by way of Siberia and the Pacific, accompanied by a son (another son was killed by the Nazis) . . . H. G. Wells has just arrived from England for eight weeks of speaking. To ship reporters he predicted a German defeat and breathed maledictions against appeasers in the British cabinet.

★ ★

Lion Feuchtwanger has cabled from mid-ocean accepting an invitation to be a guest of honor at the Pan American Dinner for Writers in Exile at the Commodore in New York on October 17. Franz Werfel, whose new novel, "Embezzled Heaven," will be out this winter, is also on the Atlantic, on his way from Lisbon to New York on board the *Nea Helas*. He'll be a guest at the same dinner. For weeks rumors persisted that Mr. Werfel had been killed in France by the Nazis; but, like Mr. Feuchtwanger and other anti-Nazi writers, he managed to escape. The panel of speakers at the Pan American Dinner includes Jules Romains, Louis Bromfield, Pearl Buck, Clifton Fadiman, Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, William Saroyan, and Genevieve Tabouis.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

"It thrills

—no other word will do—as time and time again since the war began, one has been thrilled by magnificent daring or quiet heroism. . . . First-hand knowledge, white-hot from feeling but coolly disciplined by art, has gone into this novel."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

LANDFALL A CHANNEL STORY

By NEVIL SHUTE

Author of "Kindling" and "Ordeal"

The heartening love story of an R.A.F. flying officer and the girl he met at the bar of the Royal Clarence—who found in each other the answer to the grinding war.

$2.50

2nd printing

If you are looking for a novelist whose humor is sparkling and never cruel, who can write about young love and about long-time marriage with tenderness and understanding, who was born wise in her insight into human nature

VENETIA SAVILE

will be *your* discovery

THEY COME AND THEY GO

greeted in advance by Lewis Gannett as one of "two English first appearances of unusual promise."

2nd printing $2.50

"*Exquisite . . . beautiful and complete*

Stripped, fastidious prose, recreating a few weeks of the intensest, most absorbing sexual passion. . . . Miss Wilhelm has a thrifty magic with words that is sometimes breath-taking."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books"*

BRING HOME THE BRIDE

By GALE WILHELM

$2.00

A. A. FAIR's

GOLD Comes in BRICKS

"Action swift and unpredictable. . . . Smart, tough, entertaining."
—*N. Y. Times* $2.00

The dramatic and little-known story of the American Indian's defense of his own land.

Here Me, My Chiefs!

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

"An American epic."—*Daniel A. Poling.* "Told with distinction and economy. . . . A moving book."—*New Yorker.*

$2.50

CARTER DICKSON'S

Nine . . . and Death Makes Ten

Old H.M. had been in America! Here he is on a ship with a cargo of munitions—among just nine passengers, *one of them a murderer.* $2.00

and published by Morrow

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT'S WRONG WITH AUTHORS!

(*Continued from page 4*)

copies of the book a full month before publication date. This enables them to read the book intelligently and write an honest report on it. In the case of important media like the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* Book Reviews, *The Saturday Review of Literature,* the leading papers in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco, and the national magazines, it gives the editors time to select the proper people to write the reviews and to have these reviews in time to print them as near as possible to the actual date of the book's publication. It must be obvious to every author, as well as every employee in a publishing house, that these are important considerations in the advance campaign that so often can establish a book as a potential best seller long before the public has ever heard its name. It is amazing to me, however, how many authors let their impatience overcome their better judgment and want their books published so quickly that the all-important spade work cannot possibly be done properly.

Once a book is actually published, it is generally these same authors who begin complaining that their book is not being properly or sufficiently advertised. The question of just how much a book's sale depends on advertising has never been settled. No one questions the fact that big advertising space helps to sell a book that has already shown signs of being a potential success. I am convinced, however, that if a book shows no real signs of life in any part of the country within two weeks of publication on the strength of the first reviews and the general nature of the book itself, all the advertising in the world will not succeed in putting it over. It should be obvious to everybody that if long reviews in publications generally favored by the book reading public cannot produce at least a mild flurry of sales in the bookstores, a few scattered advertisements will certainly not accomplish this result. It is a generally accepted practice in the publishing business to allot ten per cent of the gross sales of a book to advertising. A first novel, let us say, is published at $2.50 a copy and has an advance sale of 1,000 copies. This would leave, by the above yardstick, only $250.00 for advertising. This sum, even if multiplied by two or three, buys mighty little advertising space in prominent media at current rates. Furthermore, the publishers, under the lash of more and more bitter competition, are continually increasing the size of their advertisements for their leading books and small advertisements are becoming harder and harder to find in the important book pages. One of the most intelligent advertising men I know in the book business has the theory that, if a publisher cannot afford to spend at least $1,000.00 in advertising a book, he is wasting his time and money to spend a cent on it. This may be a little bit drastic, but it is a theory that can be defended very vigorously.

Pach Bros.

Bennett Cerf

There are many authors who will not listen to any talk of this sort. They have seen big advertisements for other books and they demand them for their own, never stopping for a moment even to consider comparative sales figures or the entire potential market for the particular book they have written. These are the authors who generally wander from one publisher to another, always dissatisfied and always antagonizing the entire staff of the publisher with whom they are temporarily affiliated. The more successful an author is the longer he stays with his original publisher!

3. Nine out of every ten authors fall so passionately in love with every word that they write that they cannot bear to see the slightest alteration made in their text. Though an editor with years of experience may point out specific reasons for deletions or alterations, they raise such a terrific hullabaloo that the weary editor, with a huge pile of other manuscripts waiting at his elbow, often gives up the struggle. The book is published as the author wants it, and the reviewer of the *Times* or the *Saturday Review* points out that the script cried out for editing, and why in heck didn't the publisher do his job properly!

4. I have a particular grievance against authors whose sheer vanity impels them to urge projects on their publishers that they know perfectly well haven't a chance in the world of as much as breaking even. Their new novel, they find, is going to take a little longer than they thought, so they suggest, to fill in the interim, a lovely little volume of snippets and short stories, some of which have appeared during a period of years in the magazines, others of which have been scraped from the bottoms of trunks in the attic. Or their wives or sweethearts have done a little sheaf of poems that they want to see in print. "They really

"Blonde
as a Viking,
quiet
as a deacon,
dangerous
as a machine gun"
CAPTAIN
Lee Hall
OF TEXAS
by DORA NEILL RAYMOND
THERE was a time in Texas when Lee Hall and his Rangers, the "men with Winchesters," were all the law there was along the Rio Grande! . . . This rousing biography has the best of their exploits—for Lee Hall was the man who helped put away such hombres as King Fisher, Sam Bass, and Wes Hardin. He made the thirty-one homicide arrests that ended the Sutton-Taylor feud. When Texas didn't need the Rangers any more, he fought for Uncle Sam in the Philippines!
For all its blood and thunder—and there's something happening on every page—this biography is a masterpiece of historical writing, faithfully recreating the Texas of great cattle drives, great ranches, great gun fights, and great men.
With 24 drawings by LOUIS LUNDEAN • Four Frederic Remington reproductions • 12 halftones; map. 368 pages, indexed, $2.75.
University of Oklahoma Press
Norman, Oklahoma

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might catch on and surprise you, you know. Look at Ogden Nash and Edna Millay!" Or they have discovered a wonderful new artist who is pining to make woodcuts for a new illustrated edition of a novel that stopped selling in the fifty cent reprints seven years ago. Authors of this type never understand why the sales managers and advertising departments are always in Boston or Philadelphia when they drop in for a friendly little visit.

In short, my ideal author would be one who

A. Believes that a contract imposes mutual obligations on himself and on his publisher, and delivers his manuscript on the date specified, or within a reasonable period thereafter.

B. Understands that a published book represents a true partnership of the parties involved, and does not seek to impose terms that give either side an unfair advantage.

C. Does his job to the best of his ability and then leaves it to the publisher to do his part without undue interference and grousing.

D. Realizes that the publisher wants just as much as he to sell every last copy of the book possible.

E. Has sufficient pride in his craft to be willing to edit and rewrite a book until he is convinced that he cannot possibly improve upon it, despite the fact that a half dozen other publishers —not to mention Hollywood—may be perfectly willing to take the manuscript in its very first draft.

F. Remembers that despite many evidences to the contrary, there still exist in this world loyalty, true friendship, and an honest pride in good workmanship and performance, and that it is assumed when a contract is signed that both parties to it are expected to possess those qualities.

This is no impossible ideal. It has been attained many times—usually by the authors of the greatest importance. The impossible demands and outbursts of temperament come from the men who have no business to be writers anyhow, who may have had one good story to tell in their systems, and then blame their publishers because the slapdoodle that they concoct as a follow-up is rejected by a public that knows what it wants.

Now I will sit back and listen to Mr. Burton Rascoe tell us what's wrong with publishers. When he's finished, I suggest that we all shake hands and make one firm joint resolution. Let us have fewer books—and better ones. We are engaged in a noble profession. Maybe all of us should have a little more respect for it!

NOTE: Any resemblance in this piece to any Random House authors, living or dead, is a most unfortunate coincidence.

A new novel . . . a great novel . . . by

JAMES T. FARRELL

Author of *Studs Lonigan, A World I Never Made*

A memorable story—the struggle between two generations—treated as only one of the greatest of living novelists could treat it!

Jim O'Neill — a gnarled and rugged oak, still upright, still standing four-square to the world. Knowing he has failed, but defiantly conscious he has done his best.

Danny O'Neill — naive, blundering, lovable. Not understanding his father and in turn misunderstood. Wanting things every young man wants, but which his father had never desired, dreaming dreams that had never touched his father's thoughts.

● The treatment is as powerful as can be found in modern fiction. The style is immediate, vivid, realistic. As CARL VAN DOREN, noted critic, said of an earlier work by Mr. Farrell: **"You forget that you are seeing this life through the eyes of a selecting novelist. It seems merely to be there before you. . . . With that habitual tenderness which is quite as characteristic of Mr. Farrell's novels as their toughness."**

616 pages. $2.75 at all booksellers

THE VANGUARD PRESS, 424 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WITH WINGS AS EAGLES

by

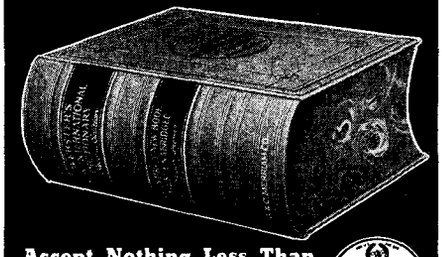
William Rose Benét

The thrills and wonder of man's first experiments and triumphs in the air—from the Wrights, Curtiss, Alcock and Brown to Chamberlain, Wilkins, Lindbergh, Byrd and Amelia Earhart—in a new book of poems and ballads by one of America's foremost poets. $2.00

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
449 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Warning!

When You Say "Webster's Dictionary" You MEAN the MERRIAM-Webster



Accept Nothing Less Than the "SUPREME Authority"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

LOOK FOR THIS CIRCULAR TRADE-MARK AND THE "NW" MONOGRAM ON THE COVER.

THROUGH four generations Webster's Dictionary has earned and maintained first place among reference books. When you are confronted with any question of *fact*, whenever you need to *know*, you think of *Webster* as the utmost in authority, the judge of judges, the court of last appeal. *But that confidence is warranted only if you use the* MERRIAM-*Webster*.

Look for the Merriam-Webster trade-mark when you buy a dictionary. The *New* Second Edition of Webster's New International (unabridged) is 20 years newer, contains 122,000 more entries than any similar dictionary. Provides information in all branches of knowledge. The authority in courts, colleges, newspapers. Prepared by 207 experts. 600,000 entries; 3,350 pages. 12,000 terms illustrated. Ask your bookdealer, or write for free booklet.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 517, Springfield, Mass.

Dear Harp of My Country

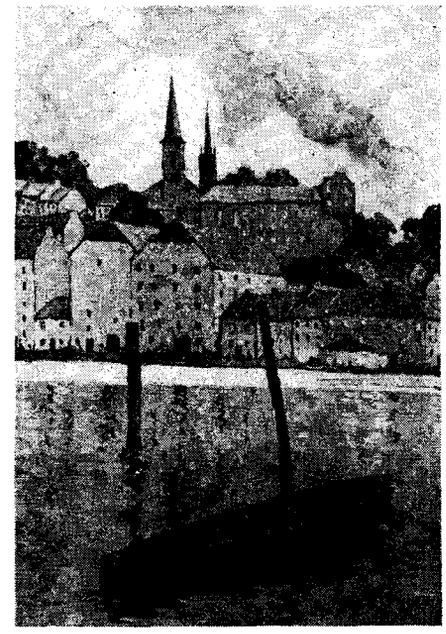
AN IRISH JOURNEY. By Seán O'Faoláin. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1940. 308 *pp.* $3.50.

COME BACK TO ERIN. By Seán O'Faoláin. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 398 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THE capacity of Irish writers to enjoy their own country must astonish those who like to measure countries by geographical space. Tourists write about Ireland, Irishmen write about Ireland—is the island inexhaustible? The list of volumes on the subject is a lengthy one, even excluding learned tomes dealing with architecture, archeology, folklore, or flora and fauna. Yet, for sheer impressions of the actual land and its people, the Irish still win. They can give you the very feel of the landscape in a way which no chance visitor or compiler of "travel books" can ever do. Mr. O'Faoláin in "An Irish Journey," has no reason to fear comparison with any of his contemporaries in this field, and he is ably assisted by the illustrations of Paul Henry, an Irish artist of the first rank, whose work ought to be better known here.

Seán O'Faoláin meanders around Ireland with an eye as keen for the defects as it is appreciative of the qualities of the towns and villages and people he encounters. In his first chapter he uses the phrase "civilized dawdle" to describe the tempo of Irish life, and a happier way of putting it could hardly be devised. A charming example of this is the story of the Irish school teacher who assumed that Derby Day was an official holiday in the London schools, because during the two days of Punchestown Races all government employees were entitled to choose which day they would go to the races. Mr. O'Faoláin does not explain that this special dispensation was ordered by Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales, and that hundreds of civil servants took one of the days off, but was under no compulsion to attend the race meeting. Edward simply could not have imagined anyone who would prefer any other form of amusement.



Painting by Paul Henry
New Ross

Mr. O'Faoláin emphasizes repeatedly the absence of books in rural Ireland, the libraries rarely opened, the positively filthy books, which "a forceps would be needed to handle," whose only "purity" is that they are not banned by the Irish censor. As a banned author—who isn't in Ireland today?—he felt doubly aggrieved, especially when, in one case, he was able to cite his book on O'Connell as an example of a work which had even appeared in the sacrosanct pages of De Valera's own *Irish Press*. But the total lack of any interest in what is vaguely known as the intellectual life is obvious on every page of this chronicle of what is essentially rural Ireland. The people are mentally alive, intelligent, witty, but never "intellectual." Books are not wanted.

Yet, when he gets to Dublin, always the intellectual capital of modern Ireland, he falls into the strangest of delusions. Having previously admitted that in most places, when asked where they would prefer to live, people answered Dublin, he then quotes Shaw. Shaw believed that Joyce showed in "Ulysses" the life that Dublin offers to young men. "A certain flippant, futile derision and belittlement that confuses the noble and the serious with the base and the ludicrous seems to me peculiar to Dublin." Seán O'Faoláin seems to endorse this strange travesty of Dublin life written by a man who has played no part in its life, since he departed for London and fame in 1876, at the ripe age of twenty. All one has to do is to recall all that was produced in Dublin by poets, novelists, dramatists, painters, scholars, between 1880 and 1920, to produce a rollcall of talent unequalled in any city of its size. In fact, Mr. O'Faoláin himself says "how I envy those gay and gallant Dubliners of those glorious forty years." Well, Joyce's period lies between those years, and Shaw played no part in them. Why does Seán O'Faoláin agree with Shaw and with the Shaw-negating facts?

The fact is that he is, if anything

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inclined to idealize the period, to link amusing bar-loafers and race-track touts with men of talent and even genius, when he enumerates the "characters" who entertained the town. But his description of the physical city and its environment, like his descriptions of his own beloved Cork, are finely written and most effective. The same may be said of the entire book, impressionistic, sentimental, iconoclastic, and realistic—it is alive with the life of Ireland.

At one point he writes: "My aunt lives in Rathkeale but I refused to visit her. That would be as bad as singing 'Come Back to Erin.'" It is something of the same mood which seems to have inspired the novel of the same title—or at least its title. Here again the scene is laid in Cork, but there is a New York interlude. Frankie Hannafey, who is "on the run," finally makes his way to this city, where he has a wealthy half-brother, St. John, and a brother Leonard, a priest in a Queens parish. Frankie becomes involved with his half-brother's Episcopalian wife, tries to understand the Irish-Americans without much success, and feels profoundly torn between the contrasted ways of life in New York and in Cork. St. John is a typically sentimental immigrant, who loves to drink, weep over old Ireland, and sing "Come Back to Erin." When we first meet him he is over there and plans to return and settle down in the old place. But Frankie is in love with his wife, although not the first of her "young men," and the situation has its complications.

St. John obligingly turns more and more to the bottle and to Erin, but develops religious scruples which eventualy reconcile him to the priestly brother in Queens, who had refused to speak to him. Although one of his children is a Catholic, the other is a heretic, her mother's own Episcopalian child. The poor man is at his wit's end, but he must get straight with his conscience. They separate, he returning to Ireland, followed on the next ship by Frankie and St. John's wife.

St. John falls or throws himself overboard and the others arrive together to create an ambiguous impression which is finally cleared up by the disappearance of the Episcopalian wife and the appointment of Frankie to a job in Cork. Whether Seán O'Faoláin's psychology of St. John is accurate I am not enough of a theologian to decide. His scruples seem strangely belated and unconvincing. But the author never loses his skill to write beautifully, and he describes New York, as well as Cork in all its moods, in many an engaging phrase and lovely paragraph.

Fall Books from CHAPEL HILL

I RODE WITH STONEWALL

The War Experiences of the Youngest Member of Jackson's Staff

HENRY KYD DOUGLAS

DISCOVERED after many years and just published, this unusual "personal history" gives a new and truthful portrait of the famous Southern leader, and the heart-moving tale of a boy who went to war. "I wish I could have seen General Douglas' book before I wrote some of my own material on the war; for it seems to me that the true history of any such event must come from just such books as this . . . tells more about the state of feeling, the intellectual content of the Confederacy at the time, than any number of learned essays."—FLETCHER PRATT. *Illustrated, $3.00. October 26.*

THE FLIGHT from THE FLAG

By GEORGE W. DALZELL

How Confederate blockade runners broke the backbone of the American merchant marine. The repeated daring captures and burnings of Yankee ships (including the sinking of a big whaling fleet in the North Pacific) challenge comparison with incidents in today's war on the seas. *Illustrated, $3.50.*

GOD BLESS THE DEVIL

By JAMES R. ASWELL
and others of the Tennessee Writers' Project.

"A pungently written collection of authentic folk-tales straight from the Liar's Bench, and ranging from plain bold-faced whoppers to rollicking yarns about raring around with the boys. Light-hearted and earthy, worthy companion to *These Are Our Lives.*"—NATION. "Well-chawed, well-whittled anecdotes."—TIME. *Illustrated, $2.00.*

EDITOR in POLITICS

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS

This second volume of personal memoirs (1893-1912) by the "Tar Heel Editor" traces — with extraordinary frankness and with the human, anecdotal touch that is his own — the years of Cleveland's second administration, the rise and fall of Fusion government in North Carolina, the emergence of Bryan to national leadership in the Democratic Party, and the exclusion of the National Democracy from power for nearly a score of years. *Illustrated, $3.50. Nov. 23.*

RED CAROLINIANS *by* CHAPMAN J. MILLING
Carolina's Indians from earliest to present times. *Illustrated, $4.00*

SHARECROPPERS ALL *by* ARTHUR RAPER *and* IRA DE A. REID
A study of plantation economy. *Illustrated, November 9, $3.00*

SLAVERY TIMES IN KENTUCKY *by* J. WINSTON COLEMAN
Told from court records, diaries, newspapers, and narratives of old slaves themselves. *Illustrated, $3.00*

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK *by* EDD WINFIELD PARKS
A biography of Mary Noailles Murfree, Tennessee mountain author.
October 26, $2.50

University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, N. C.

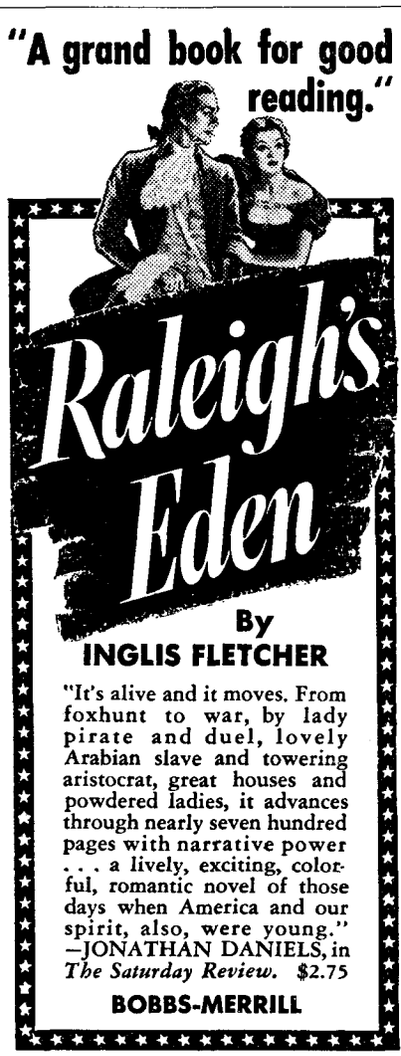
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Reader's Almanac: October, November, December

ALICE HACKETT

October 14

◆ Monday will be a big day in the bookstores, with the arrival of the two-volume life of *"John D. Rockefeller: The Heroic Age of American Enterprise,"* by Allan Nevins, who has twice won the Pulitzer Prize in Biography; *The Great American Myth,* a scholarly study by George S. Bryan of the facts in the case of Lincoln's assassination; *Mighty Mountain,* a pioneering story laid in Washington in the 1850's, by Archie Binns whose *Lightship* and *The Land Is Bright* were well liked; *The Road Returns,* a colloquial, down-to-earth novel in which Paul Corey pictures all the life of a midWestern community in the war and post-war years; and *The Hill Is Mine,* Scottish romance by Maurice Walsh, who has many devotees. ◆ All these are big names, but also coming along on the same day are two books by newcomers. *One Foot in Heaven,* by Hartzell Spence, is one of the best of the raft of "country" books we've been having lately. It's the life of the author's father, a "practical parson." Delightfully frank are the anecdotes of parsonage life in Iowa and glimpses into church affairs. ◆ *The Vanishing Virginian* is sure to be compared with *Life with Father.* Rebecca Yancy Williams's father has some of the same kindly ferocity as Mr. Day, Sr., but this is a Southern variety.


"A grand book for good reading."
Raleigh's Eden
By
INGLIS FLETCHER
"It's alive and it moves. From foxhunt to war, by lady pirate and duel, lovely Arabian slave and towering aristocrat, great houses and powdered ladies, it advances through nearly seven hundred pages with narrative power . . . a lively, exciting, colorful, romantic novel of those days when America and our spirit, also, were young."
—JONATHAN DANIELS, in *The Saturday Review.* $2.75
BOBBS-MERRILL

October 15

◆ Readers of Laura Krey's first and very successful historical novel, *And Tell of Time,* won't want to miss her second, *On the Long Tide,* in which she goes back even further into the history of Texas—to the time of Sam Houston, Stephen Austin, and the Alamo. ◆ A crusading reporter, S. Burton Heath, who won the 1940 Pulitzer Prize for domestic reporting, presents an account of his newspaper career in *Yankee Reporter.* ◆ Out of Poland via England comes an eye-witness story of the invasion, a woman's flight, capture, and eventual escape. The author of *My Name Is Million,* is anonymous, but the publishers say she is a professional writer who does not dare give her real name. ◆ If you're already looking forward to 1941 you may be interested in *New England Days,* an engagement calendar decorated with lovely wood-engravings by Herbert Waters.

October 16

◆ Louis Adamic worked for two years with a staff of assistants to gather the material for *From Many Lands,* a study of immigrants and second-generation Americans in this country—to find out how the melting pot works and what comes out of the brew. The book is very readable; the material is, for the most part, presented in case history form, much of it in the first person. ◆ Similar material comes in fiction from Albert Halper. His *Sons of the Fathers* is a realistically detailed story of a second-generation American-Russian-Jewish family living in Chicago, and involved in World War I. ◆ Which brings us to World War II and René de Chambrun, now in this country, who served France from September, 1939 to the evacuation from Dunkerque. The title of his book is *I Saw France Fall—Will She Rise Again?* ◆ *The Second Empire* is an account of the reign of Napoleon III by Octave Aubry, French historian and Napoleonic specialist. ◆ Michael Komroff, who wrote *Coronet* and *A New York Tempest,* gives us *The Magic Bow,* a romance based upon the life of Paganini.

October 17

◆ Two promising travel books are scheduled for this day, both with picturesque titles: *Come Unto These Yellow Sands,* by Earl Schenck, and *Beyond the Smoke That Thunders,* by Lucy Pope Cullen. The first recounts an artist-anthropologist's wanderings in the Polynesian islands of the Pacific. The second is by the secretary to an engineer in charge of a Rhodesian copper mine who found amusing contrasts between native life in the bush and the decorous British colony. ◆ Also on this day a biography of *Roger Fry* by Virginia Woolf, and *Heywood Broun's Writings: 1908-1939* selected by his son, Heywood Hale Broun.

October 18

◆ In *Harbor of the Sun,* the second volume in the Seaport Series, Max Miller covers San Diego's past history. ◆ *To Nowhere and Return,* is the autobiography of Joseph Hilton Smyth, globe-trotter and versatile editor. The Marquess of Reading is the author of a biography of his father, *Rufus Isaacs, First Marquess of Reading,* the lawyer who became Lord Chief Justice of England and Viceroy of India. ◆ A professor of history in the University of Chicago, Fred J. Rippy, contributes a discussion of *The Caribbean Danger Zone.*

October 21

◆ Headlining this day will be Ernest Hemingway's newest, a novel of the Spanish War, *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* incidentally a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, but it doesn't need that additional send-off! ◆ Everyone with printer's ink in his veins will enjoy *A.P.: The Story of News,* by Oliver Gramling, the history of the Associated Press and news coverage for nearly a hundred years. Unusual pictures by Henry C. Barrow. ◆ Olin Downes, music critic, and Elie Siegmeister, composer, have collected the songs of America in *A Treasury of American Song.*

October 22

◆ A rival on this next day is *Our Singing Country,* the second volume of American ballads and folk songs compiled by John and Alan Lomax. ◆ *The Raven's Wing,* by Elizabeth Sprigge, ought to prove interesting; a novel based chiefly on the life of Elisabeth, Empress of Austria, and that tear-jerker, Rudolf, Franz Josef himself, Maximilian, and Ludwig of Bavaria. ◆ Put down *The Book of Herb Cookery* on your Christmas list for the friends who've gone in heavily for herbs—or 'erbs, if you prefer them. The author is Irene Botsford Hoffman, president of the Berkshire Garden Center.

October 23

◆ A new author, F. Ruth Howard, with *Green Entry,* starts a full day on the 23rd. Even if you haven't the slightest interest in the world in horses, her writing is so contagious that you'll like the world of horse-show and track that is the background for a story of three very likable people. ◆ *Artists Say the Silliest Things* is

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the title painter Guy Pène du Bois chose for his story of himself. The part about his childhood and early youth is written in the third person because he says that child and youth no longer exist. ◆ One of the best English detective story writers, Ngaio Marsh, is the author of *Death of a Peer*. ◆ Exciting experiences in danger spots all over the world are related by members of the Overseas Press Club in *Eye Witness*, edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin. ◆ The letters of *Pal Joey*, John O'Hara's newest offering, are amusing as they were when they appeared one by one in *The New Yorker*. ◆ *The City on the Hill*, by Marian Sims, is a Southern author's treatment of the young-lawyer-versus-vested-interests theme. ◆ *Mexican Frieze* is adventure off the beaten path in Mexico as experienced by Addison Burbank.

October 24

◆ *A Treasury of the World's Great Letters*, edited by M. Lincoln Schuster, will undoubtedly be one of *the* Christmas presents this year. Here are letters by famous people, from Alexander the Great to Thomas Mann, each selected as an example of wit or irony or passion, or drama, or what have you, each with prelude and epilogue telling what happened before and afterwards. ◆ On this day too Rose Macaulay returns with *And No Man's Wit*, a novel about a strange expedition into Franco's Spain led by a strong-minded English female.

October 25

◆ Publishers are going in strongly this year for novelettes offered as inexpensive Christmas remembrances. Here's one of the first to appear, *The Heart of a Child*, by Phyllis Bottome, who wrote *The Mortal Storm*, its scene, Christmas Eve in the Austrian Tyrol just at the end of the last war. ◆ Armine von Tempski has written a number of novels with Hawaiian settings—now she turns to non-fiction with *Born in Paradise*, the story of her own life on a big Hawaiian ranch. The intimate picture of life in the Islands is good. (A Literary Guild selection.) Frances Parkinson Keyes's new novel, *Fielding's Folly*, takes the hero and heroine to Vermont, Virginia, Hawaii, and Singapore. ◆ A small-town Mississippi editor, Clayton Rand, tells about his fight against lawlessness and the Ku Klux Klan in *Ink on My Hands*. ◆ And *Without Drums* is the history of three generations of the Philadelphia Wideners in the autobiography of the present Peter A. B. Widener.

October 26

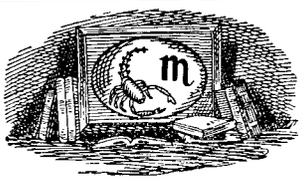
◆ *American Vaudeville*, by Douglas Gilbert, is entertaining Americana. Those not deeply interested in the subject can skip the details—oldtimers will love them.

October 28

◆ Another full October day crammed with books by well-known authors: Bruce Lancaster's *For Us the Living*, a novel of the Ohio River and the Kentucky wilderness in the young Lincoln's day. ◆ Taylor Caldwell's fictional re-creation of the life and times of Ghenghis Kahn, *The Earth Is the Lord's*. ◆ Alan Villiers, one of the best of the sea-adventure writers, tells of exciting adventures along the coasts of such places as Arabia, Zanzibar, and Tanganyika. ◆ Lancelot Hogben, author of *Mathematics for the Million*, was caught by the blitzkrieg in Scandinavia. He tells about it and his journey to the U. S. A. via Russia and Japan in *Author in Transit*. ◆ *Model Railroads*, by Edwin P. Alexander, is a book for hobbyists.

October 29

◆ Charles Morgan, of *The Fountain* and *Sparkenbroke*, tells the story of *The Voyage*—the life together of Barbet and Thérèse, characters of contrast, with background of provinces and Paris in the '80's. ◆ *Invitation to Live*, by Lloyd C. Douglas, reintroduces Dean Harcourt, a character from an earlier novel, who is popular with the many Douglas readers. ◆ Over the Burma Road with a motor convoy and a flight to Chungking is the dan-

FOR EVERY  BOOK LOVER

A GENUINE, EFFECTIVE AND DELIGHTFUL

"BIBLIODISIAC"

AN ALMANAC OF READING

By **Charles Lee**

LITERARY LORE for each month of the year set forth with wit, grace and a delightful fund of bookish knowledge by the noted critic of the *Boston Herald*. Anecdotes . . . Epigrams . . . Quizzes . . . Reading Lists . . . Seasonable Book Suggestions . . . Interesting comments on Books and Authors from Chaucer to Steinbeck. A typographic gem in the New England almanac style, with numerous decorations by *Alanson B. Hewes*. A book you will always treasure.

$1

Coward-McCann, Inc., 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

A THOUGHT FOR COLUMBUS DAY: Every American youngster old enough to read deserves to have a copy of C. WALTER HODGES famous story about the discovery of America, COLUMBUS SAILS, illustrated with many drawings and superb paintings in full color by the author. $2.75 *Coward-McCann*

Now *The Saturday Review* joins the chorus of praise for her fascinating book!

GROWING PAINS

BY WANDA GÁG

with Many Plates and Drawings

$3.75

Says the Saturday Review:—"These pages reflect no dark frustrations, no misery of spirit, no unhappy childhood. They breathe serenity and joy, love for her little sisters and brother, love for her friends, excitement in drawing and in study, pleasure in the kindness and generosity of neighbors.

"These diaries are remarkable for many reasons, for their lively style, for their 'documentary' value, for their droll appraisals. They are memorable as a joyful testament of faith."

COWARD-McCANN, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gerous journey described by Eileen Bigland in *Into China.* ◆ In *Small Town Editor,* pseudonymous Victor Holmes presents a composite picture of mid-American small town life. ◆ *Nuestro Pueblo* is Los Angeles and Hollywood—text by Joseph Seewerker, drawings by Charles H. Owens.

October 30

◆ The man everybody knows, *Winston Churchill,* is the subject of a biography by René Kraus, European journalist and diplomat. ◆ To take fear out of the word "operation," *A Surgeon Explains to the Layman,* the history and methods of today's surgery. Dr. Benmosché should hit the mark with all those people who've been fascinated by the many doctor books.

October Undated

◆ Also lined up for sometime in October—*The Cat's Cradle Book,* fables and stories by Sylvia Townsend Warner; *The Life of My Mother,* a novel by the president of the Refugee Writers' Association, Oskar Maria Graf; a biography of William Morris, *A Victorian Rebel,* by Lloyd Wendell Eshleman; and Ernest Thompson Seton's autobiography, *Trail of an Artist-Naturalist.*

November 1

◆ Hugh Walpole and Robert Graves start off November, the first with a new Herries novel of Elizabethan England called *The Bright Pavilions,* Robert Graves with *Sergeant Lamb's America,* a novel presenting an unusual point of view on the American Revolution. It is based upon two rare volumes which recorded the experiences of Sergeant Lamb, soldier of the King, against the American colonies. ◆ *I Chose Denmark,* is Francis Hackett's tribute to that lost country, his wife's native land, where he had made his home. ◆ John Erskine humanizes some of the founding fathers in his novel of our early days, *Give Me Liberty.*

November 4

◆ Frank Case of the Hotel Algonquin says he broods about why he has to have a supper club when he would rather stay upstairs with a good book. He'll tell all about it in *Do Not Disturb: More Tales of a Wayward Inn.* ◆ John Cowper Powys has a two-volume novel of fifteenth-century Wales, *Owen Glendower,* coming on this date too. ◆ Also *Pilsudski,* life of the Polish hero, by Madame Pilsudski.

November 6

◆ Ogden Nash's books are titled with genius. To follow *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* comes *The Face Is Familiar,* an omnibus of his verse taken from a number of older books with thirty-three new poems. ◆ In *Foreign Devils in the Flowery Kingdom,* Carl Crow will describe how foreigners live in China.

November 7

◆ *The Great Mistake,* is a typical Mary Roberts Rinehart mystery with plenty of foreboding atmosphere. ◆ In *This Is My Own,* Rockwell Kent tells how he came back to his own country, bought a place in the Adirondacks, settling down there and entering into the community life. With his own pictures of course. ◆ Harlow Estes is the winner of the $10,000 Dodd, Mead-*Redbook* Prize Novel Competition. *Hildreth* is the title. ◆ You can learn the whole history of the Vanderbilts from 1794 to 1940 in *The Vanderbilt Legend,* by Wayne Andrews. ◆ *The Best Pictures, 1939-1940,* has been compiled by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay as a movie companion to *The Best Plays,* annually edited by Burns Mantle. ◆ A novel sidepath for the camera fans is offered in *Table Top Photography,* by Norris Harkness and Ernest E. Draper.

November 8

◆ On this next day the *U. S. Camera Annual,* edited by T. J. Maloney, will be ready. It's larger than ever before, they say. ◆ Very different from some of the tender portraits of authors' fathers is I. A. R. Wylie's blistering picture of her father in *My Life with George* (George isn't Father). ◆ *By the Dim Lamps* is brimming over with New Orleans atmosphere—but the biographer of Aaron Burr, Nathan Schachner, has verified the historically accurate background of his Civil War novel. ◆ There are those who like and dislike T. H. White's unusual Arthurian novels. If you don't know which class you are in, try *The Ill-Made Knight,* which takes up the affair of Lancelot and Guinevere.

November 11

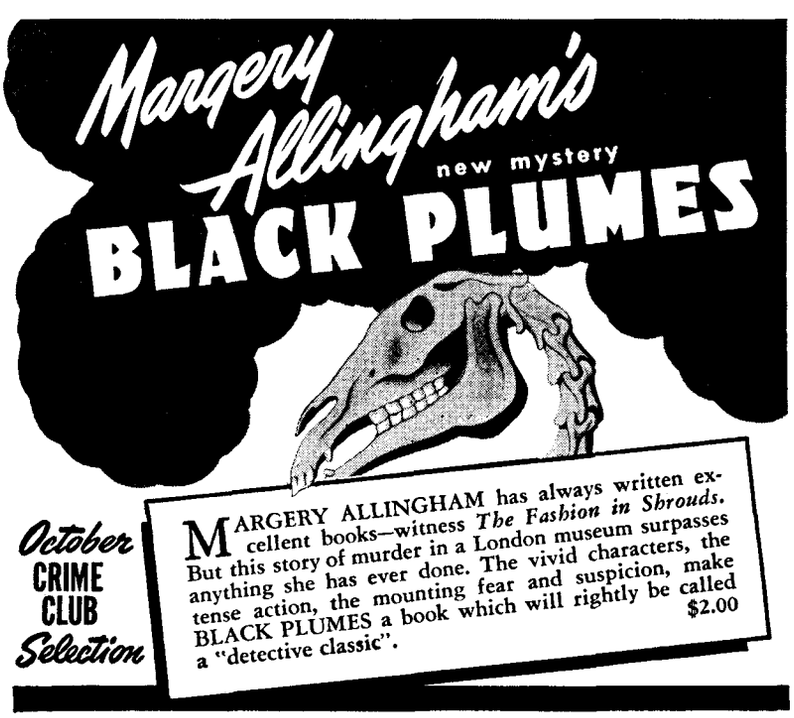
◆ What will probably prove to be a most important life of *Shelley* is the work of Professor Newman I. White, of Duke University, who has been working on the book for twenty years. ◆ Twelve miniatures of moments which Stefan Sweig says are "perfect" history in *The Tide of Fortune.* ◆ *The Good Shepherd* is another Christmas novelette, this one the story of an Icelandic shepherd's Advent journey into the wilderness, by Gunnar Gunnarsson. ◆ Warwick Deeping fans watch for *The Man Who Went Back,* another Armistice Day publication.

November 12

◆ Quite a variety on the 12th, ranging from *The Record Book,* a critical guide to recorded music by David Hall, to *Fracas in the Foothills,* by Elliot Paul. We've had Homer Evans in Paris, Homer Evans in the Louvre, and now Homer Evans in Montana. ◆ *Curiouser and Curiouser,* is the unconventional autobiography of Dorothy Rice Sims. You know who *she* is. The woman who's held responsible for inventing psychic bids in bridge. ◆ Eleventh in the *Rivers of America* series is *The Illinois,* by James Gray. ◆ *Gertrude Bell,* the famous Arabian explorer, who helped T. E. Lawrence during the World War, and afterward made her home in Baghdad, is the subject of a biography by Ronald Bodley. It should make interesting reading.

November 13

◆ On the 13th you can get *Look Before You Cook,* in which Rose and Bob Brown tell housewives how to avoid being cheated, written in cooperation with Consumers' Union, or *North of Singapore,* Carveth Wells's return to Malaya twenty years after the publication of *Six Years in the Malay Jungle.* ◆ Or you may just decide to forget everything and read Erle Stanley Gardner's latest, *The Case of the Silent Partner.*


Margery Allingham's
new mystery
BLACK PLUMES
October
CRIME
CLUB
Selection
MARGERY ALLINGHAM has always written excellent books—witness *The Fashion in Shrouds.* But this story of murder in a London museum surpasses anything she has ever done. The vivid characters, the tense action, the mounting fear and suspicion, make BLACK PLUMES a book which will rightly be called a "detective classic".
$2.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November 14

◆ Sketches, essays, and satires in *The Little Critic,* by Lin Yutang, and *New York: A Guide to the Empire State,* in the *American Guide Series* share this date.

November 15

◆ November's heaviest publishing date. Set for this day and sure to be a best seller is the new novel by Howard Spring, author of *My Son, My Son!* It's the story of an Englishman's rise to the Cabinet and a peerage from a start in the slums. He didn't allow scruples to stand in his way. *Fame Is the Spur,* is the title. ◆ *The Day before Christmas,* is by Betty ("Bet It's a Boy") Blunt. Another pictures-without-words book revealing the holiday ordeal of Mrs. B. and her family. ◆ Emily Post, whose name means *Etiquette,* has written a guide to children's manners and their character training called *Children Are People.* ◆ Christmas specialties on this date are Daphne du Maurier's novelette, *Happy Christmas, The Studio Annual, The American Ski Annual,* official publication of the National Ski Association, and *The O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories of 1940,* edited by Harry Hansen. ◆ *Brazilian Sketches* contains Rudyard Kipling's impressions of his first visit to South America. ◆ *Squadrons Up* is a personal narrative of the fighter squadrons of the R.A.F., by Noel Monks who was at the French front until the surrender of France.

November 18

◆ A New England community and a feud between two women that began in high school and became a legend over the years forms the substance of *Kate Trimingham,* by Frances Frost, novelist and poet.

November 19

◆ The *Letters of Joseph Conrad* to his closest friend, Marguerite Poradoswka, in a volume translated and edited by John A. Gee and Paul G. Sturm. ◆ Stage and screen actor, J. C. Nugent, says *It's a Great Life,* in his account of his career.

November 20

◆ Glenway Wescott's first novel in several years is coming on this day, *The Pilgrim Hawk.* ◆ The life of that remarkable woman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, is portrayed in *Crusader in Crinoline,* by Forrest Wilson. ◆ Marcus Goodrich's *Delilah,* should prove to be an unusual novel—an intimate picture of life aboard a U. S. destroyer in the six months preceding our entry into the first World War. ◆ Conrad Aiken's *And in the Human Heart,* is a sonnet sequence.

November 22

◆ A brand new book for Christmas gift buying and for the many Kenneth Roberts historical novel enthusiasts is *Oliver Wiswell,* to be dressed in a striking Grant Wood jacket. It's a long book, full of action and historical personages of the American Revolutionary scene. ◆ Sven Hedin, great explorer, writes a biography of *Chiang Kai-shek.* ◆ In *The Donkey Inside,* Ludwig Bemelmans, who always gives us the unique in text and pictures, describes his trip through Ecuador.

November 25

◆ An impressive novel by Franz Werfel, *Embezzled Heaven,* and a short Christmas story by Susan Glaspell, labeled for both children and adults, *Cherished and Shared of Old,* take care of the 25th.

November 26

◆ Vera Brittain's sketches of wartime life in various parts of England and among various kinds of people, is entitled *England's Hour.* You remember her *Testament of Youth,* about World War I. ◆ *Mark Twain in Eruption,* consists of some hitherto unpublished Mark Twain manuscripts on men and events of his time, edited by Bernard DeVoto.

JUST PUBLISHED

NO HOUR OF HISTORY

by Elisabeth Ford

An American cavalcade. The Ashes were a family—like yours or mine—who boasted no Colonial Governors, no "Signers"—who made no hour of history—but who formed an integral part of the warp and woof of this country for three centuries.

PHIL STONG says — "I have had to coin a phrase to fit this novel — it is swell! It doesn't classify; it isn't historical fiction or fiction of place and time — it is just a superb piece of cleanly written narrative. It should be coming with the wind!"

At Your Bookseller — $2.50

IVES WASHBURN, Inc., 29 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY:

MASTER OF DREAMS

by Maurice Dumesnil

Authorized life story of the great composer. Vividly written and filled with anecdotes about his contemporaries, such as Gounod, Bizet, Borodine, Ravel, Wagner, Maeterlinck, etc.

"I enjoyed every page of it. It is a book written by a talented musician not only for music lovers but for anyone who enjoys a grand story." — **Newman Levy.**

At Your Bookseller — $2.50

IVES WASHBURN, Inc., 29 West 57 St., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patter into Pattern

THE PATTERN OF POLITICS: The Folkways of a Democratic People. By J. T. Salter. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 246 *pp.* $2.25.

Reviewed by T. V. SMITH

IF voters plus politicians make politics, then a description of the two would be a picture of, if not "the pattern of politics." Whether it would also be, as the sub-title suggests, "the folkways of a democratic people," would depend upon how fully the interrelation of the two were shown to constitute a tradition. My mind was full of this thought of the texture of traditions as I laid down the proof of my own forthcoming little volume on "The Legislative Way of Life" to pick up this latest book of Salter. At first I was disappointed.

Not that the book is not diverting. It is just that from the dedication right through to the conclusion, which sagely observes that "the only conclusions that are really important in the democratic process are your own—the people's conclusions." I know of no one in America indeed who writes of politics with more sprightliness and color than does Mr. Salter. In this regard he is a most unacademic academician. This book maintains that reputation, and maintains it with quickened tempo. Through "Ethics and the Voter," "Talk versus Bullets," "Of

(*Continued on next page*)

ADVENTURING for DEMOCRACY
by WILBUR C. PHILLIPS

The dynamic personal story of a social inventor's successful experimentation in three American cities to develop a new national plan for an efficient democratic economy. More than timely—a blueprint for quick and sound action.

" . . . exciting from start to finish."
John Dewey

$3 at booksellers or

SOCIAL UNIT PRESS
118 East 28th Street • New York

"LOVE IS THE LIFE OF MAN"

Do you really know the nature of love? Why is love the least understood of all the emotions?

The answers to these vital questions are found in their fullness in the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, famed scientist and theologian.

FREE! 600 PAGE BOOK **"DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM"**
Send 5c for postage

SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Inc.
Dept. 1612, 51 East 42nd St., New York

Name.....
Address.....

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
AND SUDDEN DEATH *Cleve F. Adams* (Dutton: $2.)	Wife of missing criminal with huge hoard of loot leads hard-hitting operative McBride across Pacific to hot time in Hawaii.	Outrageous methods of unprincipled and rumbustious sleuth bring Nipponese nobleman and other wicked men to deservedly sticky end.	Exhilarating
BLACK CORRIDORS *Constance* and *Gweneth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Blunt instrument erases three trained nurses in hospital rooms where searchers seek for missing document, and hypochondriac's niece spots slayer.	Unflagging action, some mirthful but most of it hair-raising. Not very complimentary to motives of nursing profesh but eminently readable.	Good hunting
DEATH IN COSTUME *Allan McRoyd* (Greystone: $2.)	Insp. Franklin Brady and long-suffering asst. track killer of ex-vaude-villainess from Broadway stage to Lon Guyland palace.	Smouldering mass of old hatreds which finally burst into murderous flame effectively and melodramatically quenched.	Passable
DEADLY NIGHTSHADE *Elizabeth Daly* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Atropine epidemic summons sleuth Gammadge from Manhattan snuggery to Maine resort where persevering killer is finally run to earth.	Gypsies, artists, missing children, ditto jewelry, attractive autumnal scenery, variety of queer characters, and an unorthodox finish.	The berries
FAREWELL MY LOVELY *Raymond Chandler* (Knopf: $2.)	Chance encounter with herculean bank-robber injects investigator Marlowe into raw and ruthless saga of Pacific coast wickedness.	Crooked Cal. cops, psychic birds of prey, lush ladies, and gambling magnates make life torrid for practically indestructible sleuth.	Swift and savage
JOURNEY INTO FEAR *Eric Ambler* (Knopf: $2.)	Attempted murder in Turkish hotel upsets plans and nerves of homeward bound English gunnery expert. Sea voyage is even worse.	Effectively under-stated story of frantic fly who finally evades clutches of urbanely malevolent bunch of murderous Nazi spiders.	Exciting
CRIME INCARNATE *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Cold-blooded killer wreaks havoc in Adirondacks until Fleming Stone solves secret of sealed room.	Method of first murder interesting — if possible. Other crimes (two) cleverly done and stylishly unfathomed.	Good ole Stone!
GOLD COMES IN BRICKS *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.)	Donald Lam, pint-size sleuth with Brobdignagian brain, spoils toughest gang of Cal. Egyptians who ever nth-degreed double-cross.	Action so fast, dialogue so tart, plot so completely bamboozling it keeps reader's mind turning endless series of delighted somersaults.	The Real McCoy
BLACK PLUMES *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mgr. of London art galleries stabbed and dumped in closet. Blackmailing asst. treated likewise. Broad-burred Scottish detective handles case.	Excels in characterizations, background and generally glossy professional finish. Solution not exactly startling, but "head nark" Bridie deduces bonnily.	Pleasing
WHO'D SHOOT A GENIUS? *Sturges Mason Schley* (Random House: $2.)	Pretty widow with mental "quirk" enlists Manhattan psychiatrist in apparently hopeless hunt for possible slayer of "suicide" writer-spouse.	Deductive ice gets pretty brittle at times, but likable characters, smart background, and extra good conversation save the day.	High gloss
MURDER IS NOT MUTE *Audrey Newell* (Macrae-Smith: $2.)	Female skeleton in woods near seashore resort gives bored New York detective blessed surcease from vacation.	Plenty of action and reasonably air-tight plot, but story suffers somewhat from gauche stylistic touches.	Commendable
THIS DEATH WAS MURDER *March Evermay* (Macmillan: $2.)	Pistol eliminates widower heir to fortune. Stripteaser also slain. Violently antagonistic stepchildren all suspect.	Level-headed girl helps sleuth and gets in numerous perilous situations. Colorful kettle of red herrings.	Better grade

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the People," "Personal Attention," and "Leadership," he gaily plunges to "Conclusions" that are no conclusions.

The headings might be anything else without impairing the author's animated account of the political scene. Every time the pot of politics boils the author bubbles to match its boiling. But it is primarily of the actors that he writes, only secondarily of the acting, and almost never of the plot. The American voter, he says, "has a sense of ego, but not a sense of state." "A politician," he says, "is a physician of the body politic." And as for the relation between them, he says, "The voter sets the standard—the politician comes up to it." What the standard is and how the voter sets it; the way the politician comes up to it and why —these are variously and happily illustrated from practitioners high and low—but mostly fairly low.

Through the pages here move many political names, names of both the living and the dead. And hardly a name is not seen to be vivid and rewarding. In its roll-calling the book is as up-to-date as Wendell Willkie. Indeed, a remark of Mr. Willkie kept running through my mind as I smiled down page after page. It was Mr. Willkie's canny if candid description of himself as "a conversational farmer." Mr. Salter is "a conversational politician." His innumerable talks with and about politicians, and their conversations with each other, spill over into print like a benign flood deluging the whole land. The book is the nearest thing I have seen to a candid camera's reporting of politics as a continuous campaign. Mr. Salter is Boswell to all the bosses.

But even so the title misfired at me and left in me a mood of discontent as I read along. Of showmanship, yes, here was the picture; of gossip, yes, here was the pattern; of reader-interest, yes, here was the climax. But what of statesmanship, where was it? And of the configuration of American life arising as the impersonal precipitate of things made personal for 150 years, where was it? Where indeed was the *pattern* that is to politics as language is to conversation?

And then at last I remembered that I myself have described the politician as the specialist of things-in-general through the power of words, politics as the poetry of our economic life, and democratic citizenship as counting the coin of free communication to be the gold standard of civilized values. As I thought of this, I decided that perhaps Salter had strategy in trusting the pattern to emerge from the pictures, in letting the heart-burns touch but never tarnish the smiles, and in allowing showmanship to constitute statesmanship until death prove more potent than life in purging political power of its inherent poison.

Life Story, Part II

ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS, Recollections and Reflections, Volume II. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 474 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JOHN ERSKINE

THE second volume of President Butler's recollections and reflections records some of his adventures in international affairs, thus supplementing the first volume, which gave an account of his experiences as educator and citizen at home. The two volumes naturally must be read together if we are to get a picture of one of the most extraordinary lives in our time, yet even here we do not come at the whole story. President Butler's other books, his University reports, his reports as president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and the bits of memorabilia which have enlivened his talks to Columbia students and alumni, are all needed for the complete portrait. He illustrates an ideal of citizenship more common among the founders of the Republic than in our day. Some of Jefferson's teachers in the College of William and Mary had a high place as statesmen and administrators, but the specialization of later times has nearly abolished the type of the fully developed man, such as philosophers have liked to imagine, the man thoroughly competent to fulfil all the offices of citizenship.

In the first volume of these memoirs we have the record of President Butler's youth, of his education, in his home, in school, and in college, and the record also, though altogether too modestly set down, of his astounding achievement in turning Columbia from a small local college into an international university. It was even then his ideal, which he has preached and illustrated to generations of students, that an educated man should at all times be active in the public affairs

For Thrills and Laughter
Read the
New Tony Hunter Story

A Murder by Marriage
by Robert George Dean

Tony Hunter, private sleuth with a genial weakness for pretty gals and potable liquor, and with genuine ability for checkmating shrewd criminals, is at his best in this swift, hilarious and baffling story of a Connecticut killing that involved a rich and roistering old Uncle and his apprehensive kin. $2.00

— and These are Tops

Last Act in Bermuda
by David Burnham

Beautiful New York actress arrives incognito on island — but murderer knows, and acts. Young police inspector and inquisitive kid sister sift group of exotic and suspicious characters for skillfully concealed slayer. "Brisk and interesting."
New York Times. $2.00

They Hunted A Fox

by Alice Campbell

"A necessity for the horsey set and a good bet for the average fan. . . . This one can boast of special merit in setting and character."
Will Cuppy in The New York Herald Tribune. $2.00

at your bookstore **CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Book of Poems for Today

TO WHAT STRANGE ALTAR

BY

DOROTHY QUICK

Warm beauty and a quest for enduring value in these troubled times mark this new collection of poems by a distinguished American poet. $2.00

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Heinz Norden, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Harrison Smith, 420 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 420 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Heinz Norden, 420 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 420 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.; Harrison Smith, 420 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HEINZ NORDEN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1940. Dora Dorfman, Notary Public Kings County No. 319, Kings County Register's No. 1055, N. Y. Co. No. 543, New York Register's No. 1-D-346. Commission Expires March 30, 1941.

Drawing from life of Nicholas Murray Butler by S. J. Woolf.

of his immediate neighborhood, of his country as a whole, and of his nation among other nations. Those of us who leave the management of our political life to professional office-seekers are in his opinion falling very short of our duty.

This second volume tells us something of his indefatigable efforts in the cause of peace. The book contains chapters on related subjects and on miscellaneous incidents, but the center of it is the theme of international understanding. Only a very shallow or very cynical reader would find in this record, in spite of the present world catastrophe, anything less than encouragement and occasion for gratitude. The benefactions all over the world made possible by the Carnegie Endowment under President Butler's leadership, had immediate value far beyond the contribution of money.

Meanwhile, to read these memoirs is to know better one who has been a teacher of teachers, a university builder, a man of affairs, a public citizen of the first order, an ambassador of intelligence among mankind.

John Erskine, novelist, critic and musician, was for many years on the faculty of Columbia University.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 341)

ANONYMOUS

*BARNUM TO JENNY LIND**

So, Jenny, come along! . . . . . .
For they'll welcome you with . . . . .
serenades and rockets,
And you will touch their hearts and
I will tap their pockets;
And if, between us both, the public
is'nt skinned,
Why, my name isn't Barnum, nor
your name Jenny Lind.

*(From Barnum's *Autobiography*)

Complex Continent

NORTH AMERICA. By J. Russell Smith and M. Ogden Phillips. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1940. 1008 pp., with index. $6.

Reviewed by M. E. TRACY

NORTH AMERICA has become a predominant force in Western civilization. Its vast and diversified resources, stimulating climate, productive soil and, above all else, its people, trained to believe in progress through human achievement by a pioneering ancestry, combine to cast it for such a role. Why it was left untouched so long, why no civilization sprang up in its great river valleys and far-flung prairies, we do not know. What we do know, however, is the amazing fact that within 300 years, a steadily increasing number of wide-awake human beings have lifted it from the level of a wilderness to a place of preëminence. Furthermore, we know that what North America does from now on will exercise a great influence over human destiny.

North America has become such a huge melting pot, such an aggregate of resources, such a complex structure of production and distribution, as makes it difficult to comprehend without a carefully planned survey. That is why such a book as Professors Smith and Phillips have combined to produce is necessary, and why it should be read by all serious-minded people. It is a bulky volume because it deals with a bulky subject. At the same time, it is clear, interesting, and well coördinated. No one can go through the forty-nine chapters into which it is divided without gaining a much more intelligent conception of the continent on which we live, without feeling a deeper pride in its past, a deeper appreciation of its present and a deeper desire to safeguard its future.

Though the book contains 250 pages of maps, graphs, and pictures, it is not a dry, statistical compilation which ignores the element of human interest. Besides outlining the big things that have been done and the big opportunities that still remain, it shows you how people live in various sections, how they earn a living, how they work, and how they play. It might be described as a text book or a reference work, but it is more than either. It is the kind of volume that you cannot pick up and open at random without gaining some valuable bit of knowledge.

M. E. Tracy is author of "Our Country, Our People and Theirs," and "New World Challenge to Imperialism."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventures in Education

I REMEMBER. By Abraham Flexner. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 414 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

NOTHING in that half-mythical Bagdad-on-the-Subway was more fabulous than its generosity. Its leaders, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, not only stemmed the rising tide of animosity against possessors of great wealth; they changed the thinking of a whole people about the functions of trusteeship. A new type of civil servant was invented, the fund expert; a technique of survey and exploration was devised; a strategy of long-time planning preceded a great social attack on ignorance, disease, and crime; and tactics of the most brilliant kind elicited cooperation from the American public. As a result, America turned to philanthropy as adequate justification of the economic system, and behind this fluttering of banners the same exploitation of human and natural resources went on, until the deluge. Abraham Flexner is the first and greatest fund expert.

It seems fantastic now. Even then, the playful genii who executed the mandate of the Master of the Lamp realized this element of the magical. "How would you like to participate in creating on the campus of the University of Chicago another Johns Hopkins Hospital?" "Half a million," said Julius Rosenwald, and Dr. Flexner "gleefully reported" the gift. It was all done gleefully, in a spirit of impish fun sometimes, as when Dr. Flexner teased the Chicago president by telling him, ' "I have advised Mr. Lasker not to give you a million for a cancer research fund." His jaw dropped. Mr. Lasker watched him intently. There was a pause, during which nothing was said. After a silence, I resumed, "I have advised him to establish a general research fund . . . with this sum as an initial gift." '

"President Rhees, there is no medical school in Rochester; would you like to have one?" Thank you very much, Dr. Flexner, yes indeed. And so it flowed on, this sweet, warm stream of philanthropy flooding the land, with Dr. Flexner the engineer diverting the channel on his own terms. Fun?

Certainly no one enjoyed the wonderful game more than Abraham Flexner. With Frederick Gates as interpreter of wishes, with Wallace Buttrick's intuitive mastery of the larger strategy, he was free to dart hither and thither, picking up details of the picture like the skilled journalist he was, setting forth his program, and using his necromantic art of persuasion to catch his givers.

Loyalty to Buttrick is touching and sincere on every page. Gates was usually wrong, but man enough to admit his errors handsomely. He must have gasped at his war correspondent, coming back from the medical front, the prostitution front, the school front, the college front, the university front, reporting accurately and brilliantly what he saw, outlining the tactics of the battle, and gloating merrily over the victory.

Like all magicians, Dr. Flexner is a little naive. He denounced the teaching of Greek and Latin for years, excluded them from his modern school, but was pained when Gilbert Murray called him the bad Flexner. Had he not studied Greek himself?

"Throughout my life I have pursued the will o' the wisp excellence," he writes. Excellence is no will o' the wisp, but Dr. Flexner was one, and misled many of his followers.

He misled us, I think, as to our source of intellectual power. This was, and is, America, not Europe. All his life he has remained under the spell of European superiority in things intellectual. He never tried to draw from his own country the intellectual resources that were hers. He prepared a scheme for training future college presidents by sending them to Europe, well heeled, for three or four years; and when the first young man refused, quite rightly, to go, he gave up the plan in dudgeon. His favorite son is of course a Rhodes scholar. In his Oxford lectures he held up to ridicule the American university, without any allowance for its historical development.

He misled us, too, in setting up Germany as our educational model . . . "in Germany, where these things have, on the whole, been hitherto best managed . . ." is the theme. "To Berlin, with throbbing hearts." From Germany he derived the theory of the complete irresponsibility of the intellectual to his time, a theory that left German Michel the prey of Nazism. That a university is a moral entity he never admitted. And now, with the victims of the German university system flooding our gates, his theory has a far-off hollow sound.

He was wrong, I think, in his fundamental tactics. He wanted always to start new enterprises, or to transform old ones, by abolishing whole faculties by a stroke of the pen, and making everything new from the egg. Learning is a strange and delicate growth. It does not so easily transplant. It is apt to flourish in quiet nooks, far from endowments, and sometimes it obstinately withers in the face of intensive cultivation. Dr. Flexner's Lincoln School never realized his dreams, just because it was so exposed. Shady Hill in its wooden shacks was more real, with less. Dr. Flexner is rather bitter about the action of Teachers College in altering the lop-sided structure he had created here, as so often elsewhere (Vanderbilt, Johns Hopkins, etc.) He speaks reprovingly of "universities playing ducks and drakes with their endowments." But if Dr. Flexner could play, why can't Teachers College have a little fun? One thinks of Jonah and his gourd.

These are mere comments on the educational philosophy of America's first fund expert. They do not detract from the delightful and well-written book in which his life has been set forth. We meet a charming character, appreciative, keen, urgent, kindly, social, and enjoyable. I do not belittle his positive achievements. I am, for one, glad that the Aladdin era was ushered in by Drs. Buttrick and Flexner. They loved their fellow-men, and they had a wonderful time.

"Not merely a story of Mexico, this is a whole year of living beautifully and courageously in a strange setting.

"A moving, hilarious record, but without one touch of false sentimentality. Mrs. Moser was able to look clear-eyed at cruelties, to see the humour in quaint and difficult situations.

"Unlocked the rich secrets of real Mexican living . . . she and her children lived in rural ease with Spaniards, mestizos, and mostly Indians; out of such a life they reaped the rich rewards of understanding, of insight into new beauties and the ways of the human heart."

CARLETON BEALS in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

Edna Moser's

THE MEXICAN TOUCH

DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE $2.75

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horses and Men

"HOSS" DOCTOR. By R. J. Dinsmore. Boston: Waverly House. 1940. 311 *pp.* $2.75.

HORSES I HAVE KNOWN. By Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 280 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE title of Dr. Dinsmore's book is possibly misleading, engaging as it is, for veterinary science concerns itself with a great many more animals than horses and this book is largely concerned with one of the most interesting animals of all. *homo sapiens,* particularly as represented by the Yankee farmer; not only the Yankee farmer bred out of his own soil but the Yankee farmer from Poland, Wall Street, Italy, Palm Beach, and Bar Harbor. There is almost as much about the mutts of Mrs. Allen B. Renfrew, 3rd, as there is about Caleb Rowe's "critters," and about as much of one owner as the other.

Dr. Dinsmore was educated at Harvard in the days when the prospective horse doctor was likely to take a fair proportion of his training from leading figures in the background medical sciences and the young vet's education was likely to be fundamentally as good as that of many a man who is operating or dosing on the polite stretches of Fifth Avenue today. Indeed, he was invited to stay in Harvard in basic research and teaching, but he had always wanted to doctor animals and the wary farmers of Sudbury, Mass., long suspicious of a Harvard college feller, finally let him.

The tone of the book is salty, thoughtful, and humorous. One of the first matters is indicative of things to come: when young Dinsmore had to run his father's livery stable he had some trouble with his horses' diets, because he never knew how much grazing his animals had been allowed to do when they were taken out by sparking couples.

The doctor points out the importance of veterinary science to human welfare—the tuberculosis measures of various governmental agencies have been well publicized but there are any number of diseases that the four-footed brethren can distribute, most of them remarkably unpleasant—rabies, anthrax, encephalomyelitis, and trichina are generally known, but there are a dozen other diseases, besides those we pride our own race on distributing, like typhoid, that can come out of meat, milk, and puppy dogs.

These are technical matters—the characters and incidents of the book furnish the greater part of a warm and engaging text.

Will James has done some twenty volumes on horses, all quite as justifiably anthropomorphic as Dr. Dinsmore's interesting and valuable chapters on dogs. A betraying fact can be found in the author's illustrations—to put it cruelly, he is not much good on men but he is a crackerjack on horses.

The style of these sketches is the regular Will James-Will Rogers-cowhand style, careless, colloquial, but forceful and amusingly imaginative. It is gusty and vigorous, of course. My idea of a perfect evening would be to have Mr. James and Ernest Miller, out at Elkhorn Ranch, in Bozeman, get together some evening and spill it.

There is no reason why any literary "ranahan" shouldn't enjoy these short pieces but I imagine its most enthusiastic audience will be youngsters up to sixteen or so.

Cover Design

No less renowned an artist than E. McKnight Kauffer has designed the special cover for this issue. But for his work and influence in book illustration and advertising design, the degree of excellence reached in these fields would be materially lower. The Museum of Modern Art recently accorded him a one-man show.

"Should be a permanent classic, like Marco Polo's 'Travels'" —SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

IN Angkor and Peking—the great mysterious cities of the world, Osbert Sitwell found a subject worthy of his unique way of seeing and reporting things exotic and bizarre. The result is one of the hit travel books of this or any year.

ESCAPE WITH ME

BY OSBERT SITWELL

"He invites kindred spirits to escape with him from the world of war, profit and loss, politics, and almost any kind of action that makes a noise and rumple's one's clothes . . . He is wholly delightful . . . Highly recommended."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.*

"In his lucent prose he returns with gifts . . . A journey of sharpened perceptions, lively research, an awareness both natural and untiring . . . A beautiful and interesting book."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*

"*Escape With Me* is an elaborate book, constructed with care, composed in a formal prose that has its own grave and studied beauty . . . It is written so that it may be read with no more and no less pleasure ten years from now, for the matters of which it treats are not easily affected by the visitations of new conquerors, having survived those of so many old ones."—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *New Yorker.*

"His delighted readers will share the experience and the humors of a discerning and witty mind."—RALPH THOMPSON, *N. Y. Times.*

"*Escape With Me* is a travel book of a poet and philosopher, of a polished man of letters. It is one of the best and should be a permanent classic like Marco Polo's *Travels* . . . People want to read this book."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

"One of the half-dozen best books of travel of the last half-century."—HUGH WALPOLE.

2nd printing. *Illustrated, 322 pages, $3.00*

SMITH & DURRELL, Inc., *420 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW BOOKS

THE MORAL BASIS OF DEMOCRACY. By Eleanor Roosevelt. New York: Howell, Soskin & Co. 1940. 82 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT's little book on democracy makes one conviction very clear which other American writers on the subject have tended to neglect. It asserts that democracy embodies a moral choice, and one grounded in the faith that Christ was right. Bernard Shaw, T. S. Eliot, and more recently Dorothy Sayers have been telling the English precisely the same thing: democracy is not a piece of machinery, and its present plight is not to be conjured away by merely repairing and refueling it. Democracy is a personal faith for which there are only moral and religious sanctions, or else sanctions which must be found in sentiments that are ultimately esthetic. If two people agree in hating poverty rather than the poor, disease rather than the sick, weakness rather than the weak, and cruelty rather than its victims, they need not argue whether they do so in virtue of a divine or a human command. They can for all democratic purposes be judged by the upshot of their thoughtful actions, and this practical test is peculiarly democratic in that it resolutely neglects the diverse motives and ideas that may and do lead to socially Christian behavior.

But Mrs. Roosevelt is fully aware of the wants which must first be satisfied before people can be said in any true sense to behave with a free will. As a sound stateswoman, she addresses herself to the youth of this country and shows them that a stake not merely in life, but in American democratic life, and a widespread sense of the obligations that go with it are the two needful things for the successful maintenance of our political constitution. Despair and cynicism are blood brothers, and unless their disintegrating power can be checked at the source, that is by economic and moral self-reform, it is useless to tinker with the outlying and ornamental parts of the organism.

In simple and persuasive words, Mrs. Roosevelt reminds the younger generation that self-sacrifice is not enough. Knowing how to live is much harder than knowing how to die. And here perhaps is a weak place in the author's argument, for she offers us history and Christ's life as the two guides for democratic living. But history—even the history of liberalism which she rehearses—predominantly shows practical effort without morality; and Christ's life shows morality with a deprecation of practical effort. We cannot imitate Christ in the sense of deserting our family and giving up work for preaching; nor can we rely on the mere past, which contains everything from martyrdom to tyranny in equal doses. A past in which Lincoln was shot before Reconstruction and Wilson was deserted before peace was made is not inspiriting. Since literal examples are misleading, the practical spirit of history and the ethical spirit of Christianity must first be extracted and fused into a living faith. But how many of us, bewildered and careworn as we may well be, are in a position to do it for ourselves? Leadership, as Mrs. Roosevelt asserts, is indispensable, but that leadership must not be content to haggle or even to fight with its antagonists. It must transcend and conquer them by the possession of a new idea, Christian and democratic, historically derived perhaps, but cut to fit a new world still struggling to be born alive.

WEEP AND PREPARE. By Raymond E. F. Larsson. New York: Coward-McCann. 1940. 168 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MR. LARSSON has many techniques and many voices at his disposal. His new book, which ranges from agonized songs and despairing tracts for these times to Good Friday music and apostrophes To the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of God, proves him to be unusually Catholic in his allegiances. But, in spite of his fidelity to innovations in technique and ritual in religion, Mr. Larsson achieves styles rather than a style. His lines, even when they are most persuasive, somehow combine the acrid idiom of Pound, the suspended cadences of MacLeish, the dissonant juxtapositions of Eliot, and (occasionally) the tricky typography of Cummings. It scarcely requires an expert on "Information Please" to recognize the origins of "With an uneasy feeling / of disaster / left among the photographs / (so I suppose) / the rancid ashes of the hearth / and litter of delphinium / (or were they roses / were there roses in another room)" and "We have gone / to the windows. The wind / says in the arbours its names / with the way that leafscratch sounds on the paves / darker, more vast, more mightily a sound / than king's armour made against kings" and "death coughs / and at last coughs up the dawn / dawn / flaring with the smell of rains / and sudden leaves in drains / the nostrils of the sleepless ones who lie / wry and rigid in disordered beds" and "the Nails, the Nails pierced our the Flesh, the Hands, / the Nails, the Nai(our glasSES CRASHED / on the walls of that place)LS—"

To separate Mr. Larsson's voices from the voices of his familiars is not easy, and when it emerges it is still—although this is the author's third volume—no more than "promising." What it promises is further technical experiment rather than a victorious struggle with material, a set of musical variations rather than intellectual convictions. The eleventh hour desperations, instead of being sharpened by his piety, are muffled by the five hundred line orchestrated oratorio which acts as finale to the volume. The title is as explanatory as it is significant. Here are the repeated warnings of destruction, death, and doom. But, in the midst of screaming bombs, it needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Jabez Wilson, in *The Red Headed League,* by Doyle.
2. Medusa, in Classical Mythology.
3. Della Young, in *The Gift of the Magi,* by O. Henry.
4. Sif, the wife of Thor, in Norse Mythology.
5. Belinda, in *The Rape of the Lock,* by Pope.
6. Absalom, in *II Samuel,* XIV and XVIII.
7. Lady Godiva, in *Godiva,* by Tennyson.
8. Samson, in *Judges* XVI.
9. *The Prisoner of Chillon* (François de Bonivard), by Byron.
10. Melisande, in *Pelleas and Melisande,* by Maeterlinck.

"Full of Vitality."—N. Y. Times

THE "CHINESE DECAMERON"

CHIN P'ING MEI

THE ADVENTUROUS HISTORY OF HSI MEN AND HIS SIX WIVES

2 Vols. $5.00
G.P.PUTNAM'S SONS
2 W. 45th Street
New York

"The 'objectionable' passages are more than offset by the remarkable nature of the work, undoubtedly one of the great novels in world literature."
—FLORENCE AYSCOUGH in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

COMING NEXT WEEK-

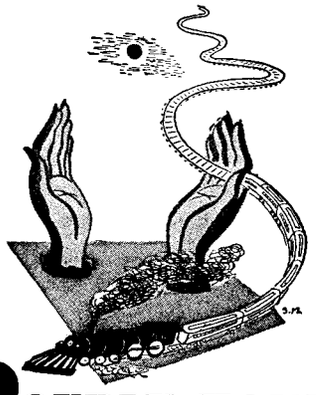
A Special Number by and about the many great exiled authors who have come to live and write in America.

Start a subscription with this unusual issue.

One year for $4
Trial Offer — 15 weeks for $1

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
420 Madison Avenue • New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOUBLY HANDY

Opening through its own passageway directly into Grand Central Terminal, the Hotel Roosevelt offers you perfect convenience on your arrival in New York . . . And because of its location at the heart of Manhattan's great mid-town section, it affords the same kind of convenience for all outside activities . . . Doubly handy and doubly enjoyable . . . Large outside rooms, with both tub and shower—$4.00 up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

ONLY 20 MINUTES BY EXPRESS SUBWAY TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE TROJAN HORSE, certainly unusual play, dramatized by Christopher Morley "from the unsuccessful novel," opens Millpond Theatre, Roslyn, L. I., October 30. We have only 250 seats, am giving SRL readers first intimation. Reservations now, $1.65, $1.10, 83c. Write or phone DAVID LOWE, ROSLYN 1464.

HANDWRITING, scientifically analyzed. Detailed, sincere, helpful. $3.—With vocational advice $5.—Send 15 penwritten lines. State age, sex. Dr. Alfred Reiss (Ph.D.) 1775 Broadway, New York.

THE YEAR'S GOLDEN AGE at our haven in the hills. Accessible all year. With, without bath. Eclectic clientele. The Farm on the Hill, Box 235, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

"GUESS THIS WORD"—A book of 100 sprightly charades for alert minds. Send $1 to Sarah S. Pratt, 4215 Park Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

CULTIVATED young Frenchman wanted to dine once a week with family for French conversations. Fee included. Write, giving references. Box 53-E.

WOULD GENTLEMAN care to exchange interesting correspondence with young lady —Jewish. Box 57-E.

PERSONALS

BRATTLEBORO BOOK FAIR, Tuesday October 15th. Sponsored by Brattleboro Lions Club. Elaborate Book Exhibits. Afternoon session (2:30)—speakers: Bruce Lancaster, Henry Pringle, and others. Evening session (8:00)—speakers: J. Donald Adams, Carl Carmer, Arthur Guiterman, Rex Stout, and others. Admission, each session, 55c. For reservations write Rev. Donald B. Hoyt, Brattleboro, Vt.

SCULPTORS! ARTISTS! AUTHORS! Modern studio offices. $20 to $50 monthly. Newly decorated. Elevator service. Good light, ventilation. Large, small space, some baths. Concession for immediate occupancy. Apply renting office, 1947 Broadway or telephone TRafalgar 7-5898.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN, bachelor's degree, majors—English and Library Science, desires position in public or school library. Commendable experience as teacher and librarian. Age thirty-six. Box 56-E.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS, $1.35. DUPLICATE BOARD COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

BOOK HOSPITAL. Repairing, rebinding expertly done by German refugee craftsman. Boehm, 25 Post Ave., N. Y. C.

FOR RENT—Charming apartment 69th Street and Madison. Two rooms, kitchenette, bath. Furnished. Ideal for artist or writer. Box 58-E.

LIBRARIAN, college degree, cultured American family, intelligent, adaptable, wishes full or part time position. Box 55-E.

RESEARCH in Congressional Library; penny per minute, 25c minimum. MSS typed, corrected, most complete service; 40c thousand. Crehore, Washington Grove, Md.

OLD COLONIAL, SOUTHERN N. H. 90 acres, overlooking all creation. It's a dream and only $4,800. Send for photo, or better, see it before it is snapped up. M. D. Morrill, Architect quaint Francestown, N. H.

TRYON, N. C. Mill Farm. Guest House in the valley with beautiful mountain views. One mile from village, peace, quiet, Attractive comfortable rooms, private baths, distinctive food. $25.00 up. Mrs. Frances N. Williams.

DISCRIMINATING coffee drinkers can obtain unblended Guatemala fresh roasted perfect flavored coffee five pounds for $2.00. Postpaid, direct to you from Private Estate. Three Mountain Company, 25 West Broadway, New York. BA 7-2858.

NEW YORK BOUND? Nor sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $62.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. Walter J. Weaver, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "Schools & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

Come to SHATTUCK INN, nestled 'neath Monadnock Mountain, for your fall vacation . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals. Selected clientele. For Booklet write George L. Austermann, Jaffrey, New Hampshire.

PERSONALS

BABY NEEDS SHOES. Competent man secretary wishes obtain them in honest toil. A bargain in brains because salary secondary. Box 52-E.

LUGGAGE RENTAL SERVICE. LOW RATES. Trunks, suitcases, hanger-cases. All styles. Finest makes. Box 22-E, or MAIN 4-3252.

ADAPTABLE SECRETARY with liberal education, ten years diversified experience, willing to work 8-hour day for human being. Box 59-E.

YOUNG MAN—Easterner, 32, creatively inclined, cultured, versatile, alert, seeks employment, city, country. Will also correspond. Box 60-E.

BUSY PARENTS—Children can be happy and good today. Young woman, cultured American family, college degree child psychology, wishes position to care for education, training and recreation of children outside of school hours or with invalid or emotionally disturbed child. Tutoring, occupational therapy, general care and supervision. Box 54-E.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn. A delightful place all year round. Hills, woods, and water. Excellent food.

SPECIAL PRIVATE LESSONS offered for professional writers wishing to improve their work, by former editor of national literary magazines and author of a half-dozen books. Applicants subject to approval. Box 61-E.

THIS ADVERTISER occupies small, sunny, comfortable apartment Carolina foothills. Would trade it six months for part time property supervision to male above draft age—Writer, convalescent, refugee, so that job would not interfere with occupation or lack of. Box 62-E.

JUST THE GIRL—B.A., 24, private pilot's license, experienced secretary, likes travel, attractive, genial personality. Box 63-E.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BOOKPLATES

ANTIOCH BOOKPLATES. Beautiful new designs. Fine paper. Great variety. Samples free. ARTCRAFT, 522 Sheridan, Evanston, Illinois.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

BACK NUMBERS

"ASK SHARAN." He has them. BACK NUMBER MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, 90 Years of Backnumbers. SHARAN'S, 111 W. 17th Street, New York City.

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, Modern & American authors. Fine books. Catalogues issued. Phillip Duschnes, 507 Fifth Avenue.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS, IN or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

LITERARY SERVICES

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st, N. Y. C.

RESEARCH FOR WRITERS AND LECTURERS. Thesis work, research papers, speeches, special articles developed by experienced research and editorial staff. STANDARD RESEARCH ASSOCIATES, 140 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. Tel. WIsconsin 7-5477.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco, Calif.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References, 1142—4th Avenue, Los Angeles, California, REpublic 8644.

WRITERS! DOES YOUR LITERARY PLATFORM include short stories, novels, articles, books or juveniles? If it's the publishers' vote you're after, let us manage your campaign. Constructive criticism, editing, typing at moderate fees. Sales, of course. Send for free booklet. LYONS & ETTER, 280 Madison, N. Y. C.

ROVING SECRETARY will drive to your door. Extensive publishing experience. Manuscripts a specialty; typing, stenography and indexing. Winifred H. Clark, 143-16 Sanford Avenue. FLushing 9-2216.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—Scenarios—Plays—Radio Skits, etc.; quality work. Moderate! 24-hour service. Elsie Augenblick, 342 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. VAnderbilt 6-0492-3.

LIMITED EDITIONS

W. Somerset Maugham's OF HUMAN BONDAGE. Edition deluxe, beautifully printed, handsomely bound, superbly illustrated, autographed by author and artist. Published at $20.00. $6.95 from us. Send for this and descriptive literature and bulletins. THE ARGUS BOOK SHOP, 16 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

GENERAL

Join our Library! For a small yearly fee you can have the best books. You will be delighted with our up-to-the-minute mysteries, travels, biographies, romances, and books for every taste. Come in and see them. MERCANTILE LIBRARY, 17 East 47th Street, N. Y. C. Telephone WIckersham 2-9279.

FOR SAVINGS on publishers' overstock, write for catalog. Bargain Books, 25 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

A DULL PARTY? Or mis-matched guests? Or food that just wasn't right? Such problems can be avoided. Read "Hospitality Guide" in Wynn's Astrology Magazine.

Double-Crostics: No. 342

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

							1 - R	2 - B	3 - A		4 - T	5 - R	6 - X	7 - H	8 - I	
9 - G	10 - C	11 - M		12 - M	13 - T	14 - D		15 - R	16 - K	17 - U	18 - L	19 - J	20 - G	21 - F		22 - P
23 - D	24 - L	25 - C		26 - B	27 - K	28 - Y	29 - N	30 - U	31 - F		32 - G	33 - A	34 - I		35 - E	36 - K
37 - J	38 - N	39 - Y		40 - U	41 - L	42 - P	43 - V	44 - H		45 - O	46 - D		47 - Q	48 - W	49 - M	
50 - K	51 - F	52 - E	53 - O	54 - T		55 - M	56 - I		57 - A	58 - F		59 - G	60 - H	61 - E	62 - C	
63 - P	64 - G	65 - F	66 - V		67 - S	68 - B	69 - T		70 - R	71 - D	72 - I	73 - C	74 - H		75 - W	76 - X
77 - V	78 - L	79 - Q	80 - I	81 - D	82 - P	83 - K	84 - A	85 - N		86 - E	87 - A	88 - N	89 - U		90 - L	91 - D
92 - N		93 - R	94 - G	95 - S	96 - L	97 - H	98 - T		99 - P	100 - X	101 - J	102 - Y	103 - V		104 - R	105 - E
106 - C	107 - W	108 - Y	109 - A	110 - F	111 - L	112 - I	113 - V		114 - S	115 - G	116 - E	117 - T		118 - O	119 - J	120 - U
121 - C	122 - P	123 - N		124 - B	125 - D		126 - V	127 - C	128 - A	129 - N	130 - B		131 - Q	132 - Y	133 - O	
134 - K	135 - X	136 - Q	137 - W	138 - E	139 - J		140 - L	141 - Q	142 - B		143 - T	144 - S	145 - M	146 - Q	147 - B	148 - E
	149 - K	150 - J	151 - U	152 - N	153 - G	154 - R	155 - C	156 - H	157 - W		158 - U	159 - E	160 - V	161 - L	162 - K	
163 - U	164 - F	165 - O		166 - X	167 - J	168 - R	169 - B	170 - Y	171 - W	172 - K	173 - E	174 - Q	175 - H	176 - N	177 - I	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 40 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Little Russian.

B. Kind of riding breeches.

C. Birthplace of J. S. Bach.

D. English Virginian friend of Washington.

E. Immediately; direct.

F. Cambridge home of J. R. Lowell.

G. Shining.

H. Like a dolt.

I. Slip down.

J. So. American country.

K. Wail like a feline.

L. Dissuasive.

M. One of a Turkoman tribe in Turkoman Republic.

N. Unsophisticated Americans abroad (Mark Twain).

O. The man without a country (Hale).

P. Morbid formation.

Q. Series of treaties, 1925.

R. Distribute, assign.

S. Spleen.

T. Caprice, whim.

U. English novelist (1721-71).

V. Portholes (geol.)

W. Entrance, beginning.

X. Defile, gap.

Y. Settlers of Delaware in 1638.

WORDS

3	87	57	33	109	84	128			
169	124	142	68	26	2	130	147		
25	121	62	106	10	155	73	127		
125	23	81	14	46	91	71			
35	173	52	148	159	138	61	86	105	116
21	110	65	164	51	58	31			
20	153	32	64	94	9	115	59		
44	7	74	156	175	97	60			
8	34	80	72	56	177	112			
101	119	19	150	139	37	167			
149	134	172	83	162	50	27	16	36	
140	111	96	90	41	18	161	24	78	
49	12	145	55	11					
129	123	88	38	152	176	92	85	29	
165	45	53	118	133					
82	42	122	99	63	22				
79	131	136	47	174	141	146			
93	5	154	1	15	168	104	70		
95	114	144	67						
4	117	13	98	143	54	69			
89	40	163	17	151	30	158	120		
43	66	126	77	103	160	113			
75	48	171	137	107	157				
76	6	166	135	100					
108	132	170	39	102	28				

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

P. E .G. QUERCUS

OUR favorite picture this autumn (we are saving it as Christmas gift for an eminent bibliophile) is one we found in an old Treasury of American Art, or some such title, published long ago by Barrie the de luxer of Philadelphia. It is called *The Serious Book,* painted by August Toulmouche (in the 1870's is our guess) and was once in the collection of A. T. Stewart. ☞It shows two overstuffed ladies sound asleep after attempting to read a volume of non-fiction. ☞ The book that put Old Q. to sleep rapidly not long ago, when he made a resolute effort to read it, was *The Castle of Otranto.*

★ ★

☞Of the famous books this autumn we have read the Hemingway, the Van Wyck Brooks, the Cather, the Werfel, the Buchan, the Armstrong-Trelawny. All these seemed to us their respective authors in top or near-top form. ☞Two books of which we hear warm report from trusted researchers are H. O. Storm's *Count Ten* and Lloyd Griscom's *Diplomatically Speaking.* ☞ Among frank commentary on European doings, Clare Boothe and André Maurois should not be missed. ☞For our own part, books we have set aside on the special night shelf for first or second study are *Progress and Power* by Carl Becker (Stanford Univ. Press, 1936) and *The Career of Dion Boucicault* by Townsend Walsh (Dunlap Society, 1915). ☞Also *Prose Remains of A. H. Clough* and Oswald's Jacoby's book on *Poker* (Doubleday) which is interestingly described as a study of the "strategy, psychology, ethics and etiquette" of the world's greatest game. ☞Also *The Pattern of Freedom,* an anthology in prose and verse chosen by Bruce Richmond (Faber & Faber, London). This latter, if ordered in time from an importing bookseller, would make an ideal Christmas present for high-minded readers.

★ ★

☞But our reading has been only spasmodic; there have been many other things to think about. We recall with pleasure the charming remark of a young woman when we asked her, how come she hadn't heard about W. S. Landor when she was in college? ☞She said that her literature lectures, every spring, were in a classroom where a cardinal bird was singing in a dogwood tree just outside the window. ☞"Just one little red bird," she said, "stands between me and English literature." ☞The burning red phoenix of actuality also flutters nowadays between the mind and that quiet application good reading requires. ☞ One congratulates both ourselves and Lion Feuchtwanger on his safe escape to this country from Nazi prison camps in France; and also congratulates the greathearted Ben Huebsch, of Viking Press, who has made Feuchtwanger's escape his constant concern for many months. ☞Among other refugees lately were two small grandchildren of Helen Bannerman, who wrote the famous child favorite *Little Black Sambo;* by a happy coincidence Stokes published a new edition of Mrs. Bannerman's *The Teasing Monkey* the same day the children landed; copies were waiting for them as they came down the gangway.

"The Serious Book"

★ ★

☞The British Books Committee, to encourage the continued importation of British-made books not produced in American editions, has assembled an exhibit of 150 such volumes selected by May Lamberton Becker. They are now on show at the World's Fair and will be sent to the Boston Book Fair where Jan Struther will speak about them. ☞Since the fall of France there is a specially nostalgic charm in French victrola records. Their titles (for instance *Un Seul Couvert, Please, James*) are always amusing, but one in particular causes us to wonder: *Le Cheval et les Huitres.*

★ ★

☞The diligent and inquiring sociologist Henry Miller leaves shortly on a tour of the United States to study our *moeurs,* with particular reference to religious manifestations of a freakish or sensational kind. He says he has noticed Upstate New York's special fertility in religious eccentrics, but would wish to study the subject in authoritative sources. If anyone cares to suggest to Mr. Miller a bibliography of the matter he can be addressed c/o Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47 Street, N. Y. City. ☞34 years ago this autumn Quercus found himself rooming in a freshman dormitory next door to a quiet young fellow from a Quaker school in Germantown, Pa. Certainly the last improbability he would have suspected was that the same quiet but active lad would be the author of an officially approved training manual for U. S. rookies in a Second World War. The book, to be published next month by Simon & Schuster, is *You're In the Army Now,* by Major John D. Kenderdine.

★ ★

☞Perhaps the liveliest professional training for advancement in the publishing business is editing and supervising the Personals of the *SRL.* ☞The latest alumna of that department to pass on to larger fields is Katharine Scherman, now assisting George Stevens in the N. Y. office of J. B. Lippincott Company. ☞Frank Henry of Wilfred Funk, Inc., returns from a business trip to Chicago with the pungent news that Ben Abramson, of the Argus Bookshop, has compiled an almanac from the columns of Trade Winds and threatens to put it on the market before Christmas.

★ ★

☞One of the regrettable features of American political life is the decline and fall of the extemporaneous speech. ☞Lehigh University submitted a list of 150 famous writings to entering freshmen. Shakespeare's *Macbeth* was the one that had been read by most; of a class of 449 students, 404 had read it. ☞A friend writes from Cleveland that our mention of John Hay's *Breadwinners* has set several old Clevelanders to rereading it and identifying some of the characters. ☞ Vrest Orton, secretary of the Vermont Guild of Old Time Crafts, seconds our praise of that lovely book *The Village Carpenter,* and sends us architectural drawings of the projected reconstruction of the old mill and shops at Weston, Vermont. ☞Hendrik Van Loon's new book *Invasion,* describing an imagined Nazi invasion in the U. S., shows the plot foiled by the sturdy quality of country Vermonters. ☞ Dodd, Mead are republishing Erskine Childers' famous novel *The Riddle of the Sands,* which was the first fiction to suggest a modern German invasion of Britain. It is deservedly a classic on the maritime shelf. ☞Whittlesey House has just celebrated its tenth anniversary as an independent publishing set-up. Its first book was Patterson's *The World's Economic Dilemma,* and most of its titles have been of similar timeliness. Among its present leaders are Felix Riesenberg's *Pacific Ocean,* Brailsford's *From England to America,* etc.

★ ★

☞The latest issue of the Grosvenor Library Bulletin (Buffalo, N. Y.) is a bibliography of Shaker literature. The Grosvenor Library has been collecting Shaker documents since 1873.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The author's talent lies over each page, bright as sunlight on a fresh, green lawn."—*N. Y. Times*

The Viking P

John Fante

brilliant young author of *Wait Until Spring, Bandini*, presents a volume which will confirm and extend his national reputation—a boy's eye-view of a tremendously vital family. It is full of rich exuberance, genuine good spirits and joyous bravura. It tingles with animal pleasures and the joy of living each moment passionately. *Illustrated*. $2.50

"A warm good book which has in it forgotten things which should not have been forgotten."—JOHN STEINBECK

DAGO RED

GEORGE SAND is brought back to life, in all her fascination, in "a suave, witty, knowledgeable tableau of a lady of talent and her world, strangely like ours."—*Herald Tribune. Illustrated.* $3.00. *By Felizia Seyd.*

ROMANTIC REBEL

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER, author of *Lolly Willowes* and *Mr. Fortune's Maggot*, has written a book destined to become a classic—sixteen fables whose exquisite wit and charm conceal sharp barbs of satire. *Illustrated.* $2.50

THE CAT'S CRADLE-BOOK

LOUIS GOLDING, creater of *Mr. Emmanuel* and *Magnolia Street*, turned his most serious trips into holidays—his most casual encounters into adventures. His account is like a personal chat with a genial companion. $3.00

THE WORLD I KNEW

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN'S compelling novel of the heart's return from exile explores the effect on three lives of the deep call of the homeland. The most distinguished writer in Ireland today has created his most dramatic story. $2.50

COME BACK TO ERIN

MUST WE FIGHT JAPAN?

Shall we defend our eastern life-line?
Will the China Sea be our next battleground?

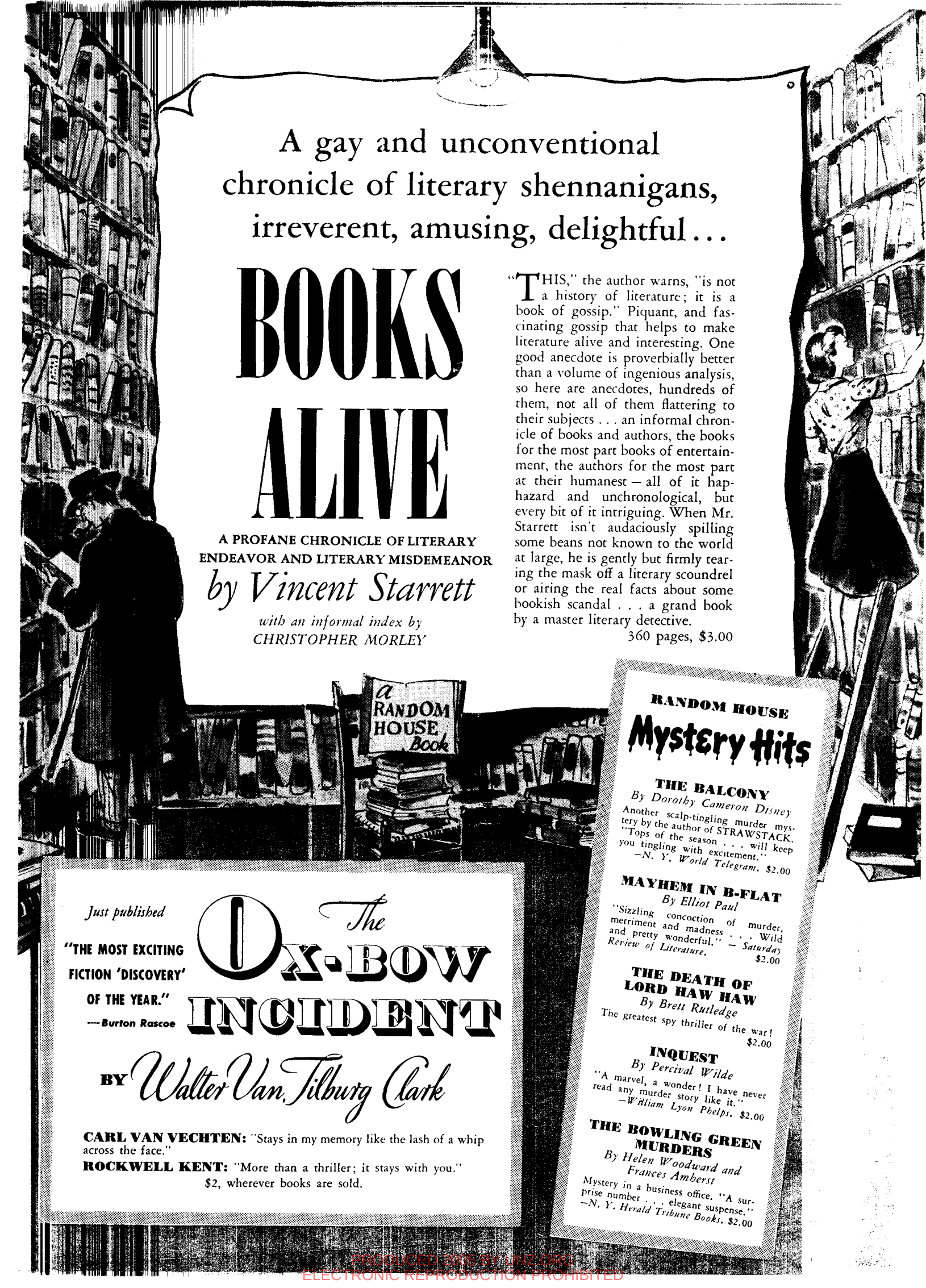
America's stakes in the Orient—their meaning for peace or war—realistically presented by a New York Times correspondent, authority on the Far East.

The timeliest book on the day's biggest news! From Japan, the East Indies, from Indo-China come reports that spotlight America's position in the Far East. Here is a fascinating and urgently needed book which describes the war—thus far only economic and diplomatic—that we are waging right now on this eastern battlefield. International developments are making it increasingly important that every American understand how the Orient is affecting, and will affect American lives, American defenses, and American economy. $3.00. *By* ROBERT AURA SMITH

OUR FUTURE IN ASIA

THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2025 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


A gay and unconventional
chronicle of literary shennanigans,
irreverent, amusing, delightful...
BOOKS ALIVE
A PROFANE CHRONICLE OF LITERARY ENDEAVOR AND LITERARY MISDEMEANOR
by Vincent Starrett
with an informal index by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
"THIS," the author warns, "is not a history of literature; it is a book of gossip." Piquant, and fascinating gossip that helps to make literature alive and interesting. One good anecdote is proverbially better than a volume of ingenious analysis, so here are anecdotes, hundreds of them, not all of them flattering to their subjects . . . an informal chronicle of books and authors, the books for the most part books of entertainment, the authors for the most part at their humanest — all of it haphazard and unchronological, but every bit of it intriguing. When Mr. Starrett isn't audaciously spilling some beans not known to the world at large, he is gently but firmly tearing the mask off a literary scoundrel or airing the real facts about some bookish scandal . . . a grand book by a master literary detective.
360 pages, $3.00
a RANDOM HOUSE Book
Just published
"THE MOST EXCITING FICTION 'DISCOVERY' OF THE YEAR."
—Burton Rascoe
The OX-BOW INCIDENT
BY Walter Van Tilburg Clark
CARL VAN VECHTEN: "Stays in my memory like the lash of a whip across the face."
ROCKWELL KENT: "More than a thriller; it stays with you."
$2, wherever books are sold.
RANDOM HOUSE
Mystery Hits
THE BALCONY
By Dorothy Cameron Disney
Another scalp-tingling murder mystery by the author of STRAWSTACK. "Tops of the season . . . will keep you tingling with excitement."
—N. Y. World Telegram. $2.00
MAYHEM IN B-FLAT
By Elliot Paul
"Sizzling concoction of murder, merriment and madness . . . Wild and pretty wonderful." — Saturday Review of Literature.
$2.00
THE DEATH OF LORD HAW HAW
By Brett Rutledge
The greatest spy thriller of the war!
$2.00
INQUEST
By Percival Wilde
"A marvel, a wonder! I have never read any murder story like it."
—William Lyon Phelps. $2.00
THE BOWLING GREEN MURDERS
By Helen Woodward and Frances Amherst
Mystery in a business office. "A surprise number . . . elegant suspense."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune Books. $2.00
PRODUCED 2015 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED